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DOLLARS, DOLLARS, DOLLARS! When Senator La Follette charged that the Republicans had a vast slush fund it was indignantly denied. Yet the proof has been marching through the newspapers ever since. Now the Senate Committee on Campaign Expenditures has reported. It did not pry into local funds, but it listened to the sworn testimony of the national campaign managers. And it learned: That the Republicans spent $4,270,000—more than four times as much money as the Democrats—and that the Democrats spent more than four times as much as the Progressives. In the brutal terms of cold cash *the Republicans paid twenty-seven cents for every vote they got, the Democrats eleven cents, and the Progressives four and a half cents.* The Republicans won, anyway, even if they paid well for it. But one of two things follows from the facts: Either the millions poured into the Republican treasury—and poured out at strategic points—counted; or else some very astute business men were very badly buncoed. Either money did buy the election, or money was wasted. And in either case it was a shocking gush of gold. Democracy becomes a meaningless word when millions of dollars are poured out so lightly to tip the scales of public opinion.

A SADLY MUDDLED STATEMENT was issued from the White House on February 10 in regard to the Administration's attitude toward Senator Borah's bill to restore to the owners the property taken over in this country during the war by the Alien Property Custodian. That property, as we pointed out last week, was not confiscated by this Government but only temporarily taken in charge, in theory as much for the protection of the owners as for our own safety. In the White House statement fear was expressed that if this property was *returned* our European associates in the Dawes Plan might demand that we deduct its value from our claims upon Germany. When this news was cabled abroad it naturally caused amazement because the Dawes Plan provides just the contrary: that any German property in this country which is *confiscated* shall be deducted from our claims. Probably we shall hear nothing more of the White House fears, but there will be other opposition to Mr. Borah's bill. It ought, however, to have the support of all our ardent defenders of the rights of private property. *The Nation* does not go so far as some of these, but it does believe that there should be equal protection for all, and as holdings by American citizens increase in foreign countries it is clearly self-interest as well as justice to uphold the principle of the inviolability of private property in war. The sins of a government cannot rightly or safely be visited upon its individual citizens in the complicated commercial fabric of our day.

THE OPIUM BLOCK had rather a hard time of it picking up the pieces and trying to make their would-nots look like would, in the closing days of the opium conference. The American and Chinese delegations, disgusted with the indecencies of the colonial Powers, had withdrawn, and the colonial Powers were seeking to erect a façade of resolutions to conceal the emptiness of their inaction. They bungled even that task, which international assemblies usually find so simple. First, they agreed to adopt a fine-sounding resolution, with a proviso that any signatory might add any reservation it wished. Then overnight the realization spread that this left the world worse off than before the conference began, when the Powers were bound at least by the Hague convention of 1908. So the unlimited-reservation clause—which was sponsored by the British—was withdrawn. As things are left, the Powers have agreed to state that they desire to limit opium production, but little more; and to reconsider the question of suppressing opium smoking whenever an impartial commission shall have decided that smuggling has been eliminated. It is a disgraceful fiasco; and no amount of fine words can conceal the fact that greed and empire are responsible for it. Japan, to her honor be it said, publicly announced that she would, without waiting for the other Powers, go further than the resolutions require.

SCANDALS CROP OUT like mushrooms in Germany, but after the horrible revelations of the Haarmann case—Haarmann was a pervert who bit twoscore children to death before the police suspected him—cases of mere dishonesty can hardly stir that sick land. Besides, each group of parties has a scandal to match the other's. The Right exploits the Barmat affair. The Barmat brothers were among the vast crowd of adventurers who fished in

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the troubled waters of post-revolutionary Germany. They made friends with the men in power (who were then men of the Left), dined and wined them, speculated, profited, then lost. Their collapse revealed that Anton Höfle, Centrist Minister of Posts, had been over-obliging with government money, and that Gustav Bauer, Socialist ex-premier, had used his influence for their profit and his own. Höfle has resigned his office, and Bauer has resigned from his party. While the smell of that scandal was still fresh, another broke. All the world knew that the German Government advanced money to the Ruhr industrialists to enable them to pay wages during the period of passive resistance; but the secret is now out that Stresemann's friends made larger loans than was known, continued them after passive resistance was abandoned, and made no provision for repayment in gold. Accordingly, as money depreciated, the industrialists pocketed a very tidy profit. The total of the grants reached the appalling sum of $175,000,000, and the payment was made under emergency laws, without consulting the Reichstag.

BRITISH SECOND THOUGHTS on the ultimatum to Egypt seem to be better than the first ones. Already the claim to unreserved interception of Nile waters has been tacitly abandoned. When the Egyptian Prime Minister, Ziwar Pasha, politely asked for a reconsideration of the British demands, Lord Allenby assured him that no action would be taken until a Nile commission had reported on the subject. This commission has already been appointed and is composed of a British and an Egyptian engineer, with Mr. Cremers, a Dutch water expert and the Dutch member on the Rhine commission, as chairman. Thus the Egyptian fear that England would cut off her necessary water supply, or use it as a lever to obtain assent to new demands, is allayed. There is, we understand, no reason why both Egypt and the Sudan should not have all the water they need, and certainly there is ample reason for the water problem to be handled by engineers rather than by alarmist "statesmen."

SINISTER PROPAGANDA is unveiled in connection with a pamphlet entitled "Niagara Falls: Its Power Possibilities and Preservation," issued by the Smithsonian Institution and O. K.'d by its secretary, Charles D. Walcott. The Smithsonian Institution is under the national government and therefore has no business with controversial propaganda. It is, besides, a scientific service whose sole aim is supposed to be demonstrable truth. Its publications, by its own account, go to "every first-class library on the face of the earth." Now a casual reading of the Niagara Falls pamphlet indicates that it is an argument rather than an exposition, intended to create sentiment for a revision of our treaty with Canada so as to permit the use of more water by the power interests on the American side. To this end an effort is made to show that the wearing away of Niagara Falls would be slower if less water went over the ledges, and that the privately owned American power interests (which would benefit) are conducted more in the interest of the public than the Hydro-Electric Power Commission which supplies the province of Ontario as a government service. Even if every word of the pamphlet were true, it was a wholly improper one for the Smithsonian Institution to make public. It is an attack by a part of our government upon a part of the government of a friendly nation. It turns out besides that the "assistant in mineral technology" made such a hodge-podge of his economic data that Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, has issued a pamphlet in reply in which he indicates that Mr. Wyer may be described by a word of four letters meaning one who shows considerable coyness toward the truth.

THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION'S pitiful propaganda is, indeed, quite demolished, although its effect cannot be undone. The "assistant in mineral technology" begins by charging that the Hydro-Electric Power Commission pays no taxes and that the public loses by that much. Sir Adam Beck replies that the commission pays not only provincial and municipal taxes but heavy custom duties besides. Mr. Wyer asserts that domestic consumers are favored in prices as against manufacturers. Sir Adam shows that an effort is made to sell to all at cost as against the unreasonable concessions often made to large users by privately owned utility companies in the United States. In answer to Mr. Wyer's most serious charge—that upkeep is met by legislative grants instead of out of earnings—figures are cited of profits of $7,000,000 for the province of Ontario and $15,500,000 for various municipalities that buy and resell power. Some money grants are received, says Sir Adam, but for various extra services not necessary to the production of power. Also half of the capital cost of lines in some thinly settled regions has been borne—and charged to agricultural assistance. These facts in regard to Ontario's great and successful publicly owned power industry deserve emphasis at this moment of effort to jam through Congress the conference report on Muscle Shoals, which would surrender this great water-power to private hands. Those who vote for such a betrayal will surely be haunted by it later in their political career. Meanwhile an announcement of the engagement of Mr. Walcott's daughter reaches us as part of his publicly paid information service. May this good news be no such canard as the pamphlet by the "assistant in mineral technology."

THE RETIRING PRESIDENT of the National Association of Owners of Railroad Securities, Mr. S. Davies Warfield, made some interesting suggestions in his farewell address to the society. Citing President Coolidge's desire that railroad consolidations should be voluntary and not compulsory, Mr. Warfield urged the railroads at once to pool certain facilities owned by the railroads, for the benefit of all and of the public. There are 1,100,000 box cars for instance. "Why not," he asks, have them "under a central agency managed by representatives of all the roads? Why wait for the consolidation of equipments through consolidation of railroad corporations, which will take years?" How strange the workings of the mortal mind! To Mr. Warfield anyone who suggests government ownership of railroads is a deadly enemy to his country. Yet here he is advocating a policy which, if persisted in, will inevitably lead to the consolidation of all the railroads. And no one, surely, can be so foolish as to believe that if all the railroads were under one ownership Congress would leave such a life-and-death power over the nation in the hands of a group of private individuals. Mr. Warfield's naive plea reinforces us in our belief that if the railroad managers have their own way they will themselves bring about government ownership. It is not five decades since the railroad presidents were unanimous in declaring that any governmental

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regulation of the roads by State or federal government would mean the destruction of the roads. Today they are the most devout adherents of regulation. But they learn nothing from this fact.

THE RAINS THAT KEEP IRELAND green have fallen too fast this year. They have rotted the potatoes, and made it impossible to cut turf or to dry it where it can be cut. All over west Ireland famine conditions are beginning to prevail. These are the "congested districts," where the peasants live even in good times on the lower edge of the subsistence level, eking out life with black tea, buttermilk, and two or three acres won from the rocks and devoted to potatoes. No turf means no fire, and so no tea; there are fireless hearths in Ireland today where the ashes had not been cold for fifty years. Overlarge families sleep on the mud in mildewed cabins. The Free State has sent in some coal, but the Irish peasant-hut is unventilated and coal gas is a very different thing from peat smoke. Dry weather is the bitter need. Relief work on the roads has helped some families; food and fuel and seed potatoes are also needed. The Government has done something for relief; local relief societies are at work; and American Catholics are awakening to the need. Ultimately, in part of the district, men and women who love their bits of sod will have to resort to Ireland's perennial cure for famine—emigration.

FOR SEVENTEEN DAYS the eyes of the nation were turned toward the Kentucky sand-cave where Floyd Collins lay trapped by a falling rock. Ten thousand people came on a Sunday to watch the rock-drills bore down through the limestone; millions picked up their newspapers day after day eagerly hoping to read of rescue. For two weeks the "story" held first place in the newspapers, just as the tale of the Eskimo dogs racing, serum-laden, for diphtheria-stricken Nome had held the place of honor for a week before. Yet, after all, Floyd Collins was only one man, and our coal-mines kill, on an average, 2,500 miners every year—seven a day. In the midst of the Collins excitement a German accident made its way to a lesser position on the front page—130 miners were caught and killed in a Dortmund mine. And as for diphtheria, more children die of it in New York City every week, having failed to use serum, than died in the whole Nome epidemic. We are slaves of drama. The everyday tragedies of life pass unnoticed—one Kentuckian pinned under a rock while his pals struggle to free him is more interesting than fifty frightened "hunkies" or "dagoes" dying like trapped animals as the afterdamp of a coal-dust explosion seeps through the diggings.

FROM JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY comes word of a new antiseptic, fifty times as strong as carbolic acid in its power to destroy germs, yet harmless to the delicate human tissues. It is said to have cleared up long-standing infections of internal organs within forty-eight hours. If the claims of its eminent sponsors are justified hexyl-resorcinol may take its place as one of a series of discoveries, achieved after years of patient research first in laboratory test-tubes, then upon animals, and finally upon human beings, which will establish these decades as a period of brilliant chemical achievement in medicine. The physician can count almost on the fingers of one hand the great specific remedies which are his armory, among them quinine for malaria, of unknown antiquity; salvarsan for syphilis; chaulmoogra oil for leprosy; diphtheria antitoxin, so spectacularly brought back to public notice in the desperate race to Nome; atoxyl for sleeping sickness. These last four have been put into scientific use within the practice of men still young. To them perhaps may be added sanocrysin, a salt of gold, recently put forward by Danish investigators as a cure for tuberculosis, and still under critical reexamination in the great medical centers. Some five hundred alleged cures for tuberculosis have been put on the market in this country during the past ten years; all of them have been found worthless. If sanocrysin, unlike these unavailing predecessors, actually has the power to destroy the wax-encased tubercle bacillus without harming the other tissues, it is the first instance of a true bactericide safe for use in the human body.

IN TOY-MAKING the Germans excel—especially in the production of those erudite playthings, statistics. A German publication called *Wirtschaft und Statistik* contains, for instance, a tabulation of the world's automobiles. The United States, one learns, has one automobile for every 7 people, Great Britain one for every 67, France one for every 88, and Germany one for every 360. We have almost four times as many motor-trucks as all the rest of the world combined. On the other hand, England has twice as many motorcycles as we. In Great Britain there are two motorcycles to every three automobiles; in Germany, one to every four and a half; in the United States only one to every eighty-nine. American pride swells at learning that —barring Soviet Russia, Turkey, Persia, and China, which have no such statistics—we have a third of all the cattle in the world and an even larger proportion of the horses; but national pride stumbles at the goats. In goats our great country ranks a mere seventh—India, Brazil, Germany, Argentina, Spain, and Algeria are all ahead of us. In mules, indeed, we lead the world; but in donkeys we rank a poor nineteenth. If any American feel his patriotism wounded by such figures, let him turn the page; he will learn that we shelter more than half the world's population of pigs.

"BEST-SELLER" LISTS are always fascinating, and it is a pleasant sport to draw large conclusions from them. Our contemporary the *Tagebuch* of Berlin recently asked fifteen of the better German bookshops what five books were selling best. Hauptmann's new story, "Die Insel der grossen Mutter," led in the replies; it appeared on nine of the fifteen lists. Wassermann's "Faber," Ossendowski's "Beasts, Men, and Gods," and two of Romain Rolland's books, "Annette and Sylvie" and "Mahatma Gandhi," appeared on six each. A new edition of Balzac was on five lists; Franz Werfel's novel "Verdi" on four, and among the eight other books mentioned more than once were Shaw's "Saint Joan," Henry Ford's autobiography, and Frank Harris's "Oscar Wilde." Do these preferences indicate that the soul of Germany is looking out across her frontiers—to India, to Mongolia, to France, and to America? Possibly. Possibly not. What does it prove that the best-selling books in the United States in 1924 were, according to the *Publishers' Weekly*, Edna Ferber's "So Big," Percy Marks's "The Plastic Age," Anne Douglas Sedgwick's "The Little French Girl," Philip Gibbs's "Heirs Apparent," James Oliver Curwood's "A Gentleman of Courage," and Zane Grey's "The Call of the Canyon"?

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Mr. Coolidge Makes Good

WITH Senator Norris's protest against President Coolidge's recent appointments to high office we are in entire accord. In the Senate on February 5 he said:

> Since the last election I have seen no appointee named by this Administration save those with a viewpoint of special interests and monopoly. The people preferred the Vermont farmer to the Morgan attorney in the White House, but they didn't know it meant putting on the Supreme Court bench another Morgan attorney. They didn't know that Mr. Warren of the Sugar Trust was going to be appointed Attorney General. They did not know that Mr. Woodlock, his pen still dripping with the ink of the *Wall Street Journal*, was to be put upon the Interstate Commerce Commission. They didn't know that Mr. Humphrey, the greatest reactionary of all, was to go to the Federal Trade Commission. All are men who see through the glasses of big business in the glitter of wealth and luxury.

Where, he then asks, are the "honest working millions to be protected in their right against big business"? To the latter question the answer is simply that they are not going to be as long as the Coolidge Administration is in office. It was elected to do the very thing that Mr. Coolidge is doing. By that we do not mean that the people consciously voted for Mr. Coolidge for the purpose of having him turn over the Government entire to big business, but the Mellons, the Stearnses, the Butlers, and the Republican Old Guard expected of him precisely what he has given them. Mr. Coolidge is making good.

Senator Norris did not exaggerate the significance of these appointments, to which must be added the selection of Mr. Kellogg as Secretary of State. Never was there a more subservient Senator than Mr. Kellogg when he represented Minnesota. But even the representatives of big business are dissatisfied with the elevation of Mr. Kellogg to the Secretaryship of State, since, after observing his work in London, they are convinced that, subservient as he is, he is yet too weak and inefficient to head the State Department. The most flagrant of all the appointments is that of Charles Beecher Warren of Michigan to be Attorney General, with the possibility that he will in a short time succeed Mr. Kellogg. While, curiously enough, it seems to have been Mr. Hughes who recommended the Kellogg appointment to the President, Mr. Warren appears to be the President's own choice for Attorney General. Perhaps it was gratitude on Mr. Coolidge's part for the services rendered by Mr. Warren in Japan and Mexico—services which *The Nation* would not minimize or decry, especially as in Japan he showed an unusually sympathetic understanding of the problem of American relations with that country. The fact remains that his appointment to the Attorney Generalship is scandalous. If, as appears from the dispatches, enough Republicans will vote against his nomination to prevent his confirmation the Senate will thereby honor itself even if it should thus break a precedent maintained from the beginning of the republic, according to which the President alone selects his Cabinet advisers.

The reason for this attitude is that Mr. Warren has been so closely affiliated with the Sugar Trust and with other companies that either are or are likely to be cited before the Department of Justice as to make his appointment an utterly unfit one. More than a dozen years ago Mr. Warren, according to his own confession, held a controlling interest as trustee for the Sugar Trust in an ostensibly competing sugar-beet company. Until this was brought out on the witness stand no one was aware of the fact that Mr. Warren, apparently in good faith the controller of that beet-sugar company, was really a Havemeyer tool. If it is alleged that this conduct of a dozen or more years ago should not be held against him now, we reply that on February 9, 1925, there was a complaint issued by the Federal Trade Commission charging the Larrow Milling Company of Detroit, the Michigan Sugar Company, the Toledo Sugar Company, and fifteen others with conspiracy to suppress competition in the sale of beet pulp. Mr. Warren resigned as president and director of the Michigan Sugar Company on January 24, last, when he was nominated for the position of Attorney General; according to the best information he is still president of the Toledo Sugar Company. But even if he had resigned from both, the mere fact that he has been the head of two companies now charged with violation of law ought to make it impossible for him to be the head of the Department of Justice, which may be called upon by the Federal Trade Commission to conduct the prosecution of the same companies.

More than that, Mr. Warren was a defendant in the anti-trust dissolution suit brought by the Government in 1910 against the American Sugar Refining Company, and that trust was dissolved in May, 1922, as a result of the Government's suit. Recently this company applied to Attorney General Stone for his consent to a modification of the dissolution decree of May, 1922, in order that the company might absorb the National Sugar Refining Company of New Jersey. Mr. Stone rejected the application. Should it be renewed now it would have to be passed upon by the Attorney General. Mr. Warren if confirmed would then be both petitioner and judge.

Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock is an able writer who in the *Wall Street Journal* and the daily press has represented in completest degree the Wall Street point of view in politics and economics and in its hostility to organized labor. To put him on the Interstate Commerce Commission is to take another step toward turning that commission over to those whom it was meant to curb. As for Mr. Humphrey, Senator Norris correctly described him as the greatest reactionary of them all. Big business has no warmer friend or defender, yet it is upon the Federal Trade Commission, in which he is to sit, that the country relies for regulation of the trusts and protection of small manufacturers against great combinations. No one can question where Mr. Humphrey will stand in any such controversy. The question is not of the individual rectitude of these men; that is, so far as we know, beyond all criticism. It is their point of view which, as Mr. Norris says, is the alarming and menacing thing. Their selection points to the deliberate breaking down of governmental safeguards against the evils of big business, laboriously created after years of discussion. It has been a great pleasure to us recently to commend President Coolidge for several excellent appointments; it becomes the more our duty to denounce these four as a shocking blow at efficiency and sincerity in government.

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A Billy Sunday of Finance

IT is significant of the kind of fame attained by Thomas W. Lawson that when he died on February 8 middle-aged Americans had forgotten that he was still alive and the younger generation was unaware that he had ever lived. Yet the edition of *Everybody's Magazine* in 1904 which contained the first instalment of "Frenzied Finance" was exhausted within three days, and subsequent chapters carried the circulation to such giddy heights that the publication has labored ever since under the incubus of the inevitable slump that came when the story was concluded.

Opinion was divided twenty years ago in regard to the character and motives of Mr. Lawson. Nor has time resolved the question. "Frenzied Finance" purported to be—and, on the whole, made good the claim—a revelation by an insider of the methods of the Standard Oil group in Wall Street, particularly in the flotation of Amalgamated Copper. Mr. Lawson helped to organize this trust and, as broker, to market its securities. At the height of its boom he turned against it and was the chief influence in bringing about the decline in price which played havoc with thousands of investors. Was his motive a disinterested desire to prevent a further gulling of the public, or was he capitalizing a personal falling out with the Rockefeller group for ulterior purposes? Probably something of both motives was at work.

Mr. Lawson was the first to use newspaper advertising on a large scale to swing his financial deals, and his outlays in this respect remain unequaled to this day. He was a plunger and a sensationalist, both in finance and journalism, but it would be unfair to call him a shark in Wall Street, except in so far as he was a lone fish in a stream where others were concentrating in schools. He was a late survival—better a lonely reincarnation—of the individualistic pioneer who built America in the nineteenth century.

At any rate the motives of Mr. Lawson are less important today than his influence. He was not the first of the muckrakers, but he was probably the most widely read of all of them. "Frenzied Finance" appeared in book form just twenty years ago, but it reads well today. One cannot turn many pages without pronouncing it good journalism. Mr. Lawson says in the preface: "My profession is business. My writing is an incident. 'Frenzied Finance' was set down during the twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth hours of busy days." But the apology is unnecessary. This is how the book begins:

> Amalgamated Copper was begotten in 1898, born in 1899, and in the first five years of its existence plundered the public to the extent of over one hundred millions of dollars. . . .
>
> Its entire stock was sold to the public at an average of $115 per share ($100 to $130), and in 1903 the price had declined to $33 per share.
>
> From its inception it was known as a "Standard Oil" creature because its birthplace was the National City Bank of New York (the "Standard Oil" bank), and its parents the leading "Standard Oil" lights, Henry H. Rogers, William Rockefeller, and James Stillman.
>
> It has from its birth to present writing been responsible for more hell than any other trust or financial thing since the world began.

One does not readily put down a story that begins thus. There are abundant other evidences of journalistic skill—although seldom of anything deeper. At one point it is said of an ultimatum by Henry H. Rogers that it "sounded like a rattlesnake's hiss in a refrigerator." Mr. Lawson had a trick of beginning his chapters with a philosophical prelude that whetted the appetite for what was to follow. Thus:

> At no time in the history of the United States has the power of dollars been as great as now. . . . It is possible today, with dollars, to "steer" the selection of the candidates of both the great parties for the highest office in our republic, that of President of the United States. It is possible to repeat the operation in the selection of candidates for the executive and legislative conduct and control of every State and municipality in the United States, and with a sufficient number of dollars to "steer" the doings of the law-makers and law-enforcers of the national, State, and municipal governments of the people, and to "steer" a sufficient proportion of the court decisions to make absolute any power created by such direction. . . .

Mr. Lawson's revelations have had curiously little permanent influence. They did play a part in the highly important insurance investigation which made the reputation of Charles Evans Hughes and brought changes of enduring benefit to the country. But they did not even jar the portals of 26 Broadway, the home of Standard Oil, nor change in any manner the methods of Wall Street. Perhaps it was because "Frenzied Finance," as we have already suggested, was good journalism but nothing more. It was not a great sermon, stirring to action, nor even a good tract, to be utilized by others. It failed to convince the reader of the author's own conversion. It was interesting but nothing more. No wonder that its author died forgotten by his own generation and unheard of by those who have come more recently upon the stage.

William Beebe Sets Sail

WILLIAM BEEBE has sailed for the Sargasso Sea. That is news of high adventure, for the Sargasso Sea is one of the least explored areas on the earth's surface, and has been a focus of mystery and romance for near half a millennium. If modern science is determined to leave no mysteries, let William Beebe tear away this last veil, for there is no man better equipped to discover the glamor of reality when illusion is gone. We have no scientist to match him as an artist in literature and life.

Columbus was marooned for two weeks in the endless seaweed of the Sargasso Sea, and rumor and superstition have been busy with that quiet patch of the Atlantic Ocean ever since. For centuries sailors have dreaded it; here, eddying in a hopeless tangle of gulfweed, the missing ships of the world were supposed to drift until time and shipworms rotted their hulks and sent them to the bottom. Artists and romancers have exercised their imaginations, even to the lovely picture of a vast vortex, the later lost ships at the outside, and toward the middle old pirate ships, and Spanish galleons, and even Phoenician galleys. It is only fifteen years since Sir John Murray finally proved that the seaweed lay in patches, not continuously, and that they were simply a product of the calm between the Gulf Stream, which sweeps up the west side of the Atlantic, and the more easterly equatorial current. And until William Beebe or some other disillusioning scholar plumbs all its depths dreamers will still imagine that somewhere among the seaweed is to be found the lost continent of Atlantis.

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Such dreams are not Beebe's, but, as those familiar with his adventures among the Malay pheasants, in the jungle of Guiana, or on the islands of Galapagos know, he has the gift of finding life more romantic than most men's dreams, and of sharing his joy in his adventures with others. And now that both poles have been conquered, and that men have scaled beyond the last spider or lichen of Mt. Everest, and that Africa and Australia have ceased to be unknown continents, Beebe's plan to explore the inside of the sea seems as fascinating exploration as is left.

After all, the dry area of the earth is only about one-quarter of its surface, and we know very little of the inside of the sea. Science has eliminated the mermaid and the merman, but it has confirmed the wildest dreams of sea serpents in the existence of the giant octopus; and it has discovered stranger deep-sea fishes than even a drug-stimulated imagination could have conceived. There are parts of the ocean's bottom into which Everest could be dumped and still leave a respectably deep sea; in even lesser depths than that is a mysterious area of total darkness, frigid cold, utter silence, which is nevertheless richly populated. Plant life of course cannot exist there, but all the animal and plant life that dies in the miles above slowly sifts down like soft snow to the waiting animals beneath—which, constructed to withstand the enormous pressure of those depths, explode—or rather *im*plode—if by chance they stray too far toward the surface. In those depths live animals with eyes larger than the rest of their heads, and others which have almost lost their eyes; and some of them give off, more or less fitfully, magnificently colored light—the purest, coldest light which science has ever discovered. One of the French naturalists gives a vivid description of a deep-sea dredge brought up at night:

> There was a moment of magic, the most marvelous spectacle that ever was given to man to admire. Every point of the chief branches and twigs of the coral Isis threw out brilliant jets of fire, now paling, now reviving again, to pass from violet to purple, from red to orange, from bluish to different tones of green, and sometimes to the white of overheated iron. . . . Minute by minute the glory lessened, as the animals died, and at the end of a quarter of an hour they were all like dead and withered branches.

The Arcturus, William Beebe's vessel, is fitted, as surely no ship ever was before, to study the inside of the sea. It is equipped for dredging and trawling, with odd devices for bringing up uninjured the denizens of the deeper sea, with a sort of cow-catcher in front to facilitate operations with the net and the harpoon-gun, with a gangway around the outside of the ship, and with a platform which can be lowered from the boom, on which an observer, clad in submarine armor, may be lowered fifteen or twenty feet below the surface, there to sit and study the animals of the sea as placidly as John Burroughs ever watched a robin's nest-building at Slabsides.

Then, after two months in the Sargasso, the Arcturus will face westward and help bring to realization the dream of scaling the inaccessible crater of Indefatigable Island in the Galapagos, which, protected by its miles of surrounding lava and cactus, has never yet been conquered; and then the queer ship will steam out into the Humboldt Current that brings icy water and Antarctic fauna into the heart of the tropics. And so home.

There is but one flaw in this story of scientific romance: the Arcturus is equipped with radio.

For a Doctorate in Journalism

THAT our press should avoid propaganda was the theme of President Coolidge's address to the American Society of Newspaper Editors last month. The Associated Press, that supposedly impartial and fact-dispensing news association, should take the President's excellent advice to heart. The San Diego, California, *Union* of January 25 carries under the heading Haiti Prospers Under Nine Years of U. S. Control a cable dispatch two-thirds of a column long, dated "Port au Prince, Haiti, Jan. 24" and credited to the A. P., which begins: "The accomplishments of the United States during the occupation that has extended over nine years are worthy of note." Then follow 800 words vividly contrasting the glowing present under marine rule with the "anarchy" and other horrors that preceded. If a school of journalism using "the case system" wanted to demonstrate 100 per cent pure propaganda it would have to search long for a better sample than this product of marine-corps and big-business press-agency. There is not even the customary device of a "news peg" on which to "hang" the story. Merely as journalistic technique it is a poor job. Yet doubtless many papers printed it, and millions of readers swallowed it hook, line, and sinker.

The newspaper editors' "Committee on Integrity" (whose first act, curiously enough, was "to send to the membership a letter asking each to look out for *un*just attacks on the Press") reported that an article on the press by Roy L. McCardell in the *Saturday Evening Post* had been the subject of "an indignant protest" and that Mr. George Horace Lorimer had promised to print "an article later presenting the other side." If, however, the newly associated editors are desirous of professionalizing journalism, as they quite properly appear to be, they would do well to adopt the more truly professional spirit of scientific inquiry. The article above cited furnishes them and the schools of journalism a suitable subject for study and research. Out of it a thesis could be evolved on the use of propaganda to deceive and sway public opinion and facilitate a governmental course in favor of interested groups.

> Wherever despotism abounds the source of public information has been the first to be brought under its control. Wherever the cause of liberty is making its way, one of its highest accomplishments is the guaranty of freedom of the press. It has always been recognized, sometimes instinctively and oftentimes expressly, that truth and freedom are inseparable.

Memorable words, those, of President Coolidge to the assembled editors.

Evidently "despotism abounds" and "liberty is *not* making its way" even under the blessings of American marine and American bankers' tutelage in Haiti. Martial law has existed there for nine years; it still exists today. Haitian newspapers have been and are still being suppressed for criticism of the occupation. Haitian editors have been and now are jailed for such criticism—there is an "unjust attack on the press" for the editors. But the correspondent of the Associated Press did not mention that. We commend his "news" story to the attention of President Coolidge, on whom devolves President Harding's unfulfilled pledge about Haiti; to General Manager Frederick Roy Martin of the Associated Press; to our schools of journalism; and to the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

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The Little Clay Cart in Washington*

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Washington, February 14

NOT quite twenty-three hundred years old, but something like it, is the drama now on in Washington. At one end of the town lives an all-powerful prince; at the other dwells a cadi who, by ascetic self-denial, rare industry, devotion to the tasks at hand, and extraordinary ability has lifted himself to the front rank of those who govern their fellow-men. The little clay cart is our foreign policy. Who shall mold it and then who shall draw it along? Shall it some day again be of silver or even of gold? That is for the audience to discover as the play unfolds its fascinating lengths. The two great actors are clearly in view. All others of the cast sink into the darkness of the wings. Frequently, like fencers about to engage, the leading men shake hands and speak with all the friendliness in the world. Then, presto, they spring into position, salute, and the clash of steel is heard, until one or the other yields to the touch. Somehow or other the betting favors the big, strong-jawed man; yet he is without the power of the smaller, who has a larger weapon with which to fence. It is science, skill, superb ability against the reputation and power of one fortified by the approval of the multitude. So the sparks fly—and the smaller man reveals his strategy. He seems to yield, yield, then shifts his position. His footwork is excellent; his methods quiet; his defense clever. Sometimes it seems as if his failure to respond in kind or to respond at all were the most baffling of tactics. It is like playing with a rubber doll that does not rebound and fill out again after you have dented it. . . .

Coolidge and Borah; Borah and Coolidge. With those two men lies the immediate shaping of the foreign policy of 115,000,000 people. It is by no means wholly fate and the passage of time which have made the Senator from Idaho the President's great antagonist in the duel to be witnessed in Washington. True, fate opportunely removed Henry Cabot Lodge, and a fortunate seniority placed Borah where he had but to take the place of the Massachusetts marplot. But many another has succeeded to the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs to make nothing of it. Senator Borah has fairly and honestly won the position by tireless industry, incessant study, rare oratorical ability, and his exceptional debating powers. No other word so fills the Senate chamber as does the simple announcement in the cloakrooms that Senator Borah is on his feet. No other adversary is as dreaded. For here is a man loaded to the brim with facts, who may at any moment overwhelm anyone who dares to join issue with him and send his adversary's rapier flying to the very ceiling, yet always so suavely, so easily, so good-humoredly that no one gets angry.

People dread this fighter not only because he stands head and shoulders above them all but because he plays his game so entirely by himself. His resources are his own. Others may have their cohorts around them. This man plays a lone hand. He never enters the lists until he is prepared. He never strikes until he is ready, and when he does strike it is with overwhelming surety, with a hand of iron in a glove of velvet. He picks carefully the issues on which to take his stand and he picks those that are worth while. More than that, his tactics, like those of every great general, are in completest accord with a long and thoroughly planned strategy. Others may be thinking about the winter of 1924-1925; his thoughts are likely to be busy with the campaign of 1925-1926 and 1926-1927. He probably takes no one into his complete confidence; he never enters any regular party caucus; he never allies himself by any visible bonds with the insurgents with whom his sympathies chiefly lie. He knows how to compromise in order to keep his regularity, even though there are times, as in his speech of July 6, 1922, when he flouts and assails both the old parties and appears ready to quit them both. He kept his regularity in the last campaign by supporting Coolidge—as little as it was possible to do and keep his party standing. And he also used in his campaign, privately, a warm personal tribute to himself, his services, and his liberalism from the generous pen of Robert M. La Follette. His independence wanes somewhat as his election dates approach every sixth year.

Still, you get the impression that here is a man who is fighting his battles by himself and fearlessly, who has achieved his eminence by amazing devotion to his task as well as by ability. I doubt if there is a Senator who reads and studies more diligently, who eschews society more generally, who answers more often to the roll calls. Invitations to speak pour in upon him by the hundreds; were he more ambitious and more self-seeking they would not go so generally into the waste-basket. Yet he is quite capable of carrying a cause to the country should he so desire. Mr. Coolidge will make a great mistake if he overlooks that possibility. As Senator Borah spoke against the League of Nations outside of Washington so may he take his present causes to the people if need be, and no one can speak more powerfully or move people more. For he has not only won his way to prominence in the Senate, he has changed the attitude of multitudes toward him. When he was attacking Wall Street some years ago almost every New York editor jumped upon him; then he was a demagogue, a mountebank, splitting the ears of the groundlings to make political capital; he was lucky if he got three inches on the fifth page next to the news of triplets born in Missouri. Now, when Borah speaks he is inevitably first-page material. I have heard him described as the greatest, and the most legitimate, master of publicity Washington has ever seen. I cannot find that he seeks it. He certainly does not run after press men nor lay himself out to cultivate them. His art of publicity, it seems to me, lies chiefly in his speaking only when he has something worth while to say, and then hitting hard.

Not that he is without deep feeling. Underneath that self-controlled exterior are, I am sure, swift and often hot currents of emotion. Nor is it correct to accuse him of not being constructive and not knowing his own objectives. That is the easiest criticism to launch at editor or politician, because nobody expects you to prove it—"not being constructive" usually means standing for something else than

* This article is the second of a group by the Editor of *The Nation* interpreting men and events in Washington.

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the critic does. Not constructive? Who was it who compelled the calling of the Conference for the Limitation of Armaments? Who is it in Washington who has brought forward and pushed the proposal to outlaw war? Who was it that demanded an economic conference in Europe long before the Dawes Report was written? Who in our political life has given a more succinct platform for our foreign policy?

This, then, is Mr. Coolidge's antagonist. This is the man with whom the President must reckon every day as long as they both live and both are in politics. This is the man to whom the President made advances as soon as he entered the White House. Having been presiding officer of the Senate for three and a half years, Mr. Coolidge knew well who was the dominating figure in that body. I do not know if current Washington gossip that Mr. Coolidge asked Senator Borah to be Secretary of State is true or not. If he did Mr. Borah certainly preferred to keep his long locks of independence—and wisely, indeed. A nice position the progressive from Idaho would be in now if by holding Presidential office he had to defend the nominations of Warren, Woodlock, and Humphrey! No, Mr. Borah has fallen for Presidential bait only so far as to insure his re-election by exchanging some lukewarm indorsements of the President for the support of the regular Idaho machine—Mr. Borah remains a politician. But that Mr. Borah retains freedom of action is proved by his opposition to Mr. Warren, upon whose confirmation the President has set his heart. That and other things are to be put against Mr. Borah's vote to sustain the postal veto.

The President's strategy is clear, I think. He tries to cultivate Mr. Borah; he sympathizes with certain of the Borah policies, but lets "I dare not wait upon I would." There is Russia, for instance. Everyone knows that the recognition of Russia is with Mr. Borah the first and most pressing step toward economic restoration of Europe and revival of our own export trade. There is reason to believe that the President is beginning to receive protests against the Hughes policy both from manufacturers and exporters, and from those who believe that Mr. Hughes has successfully maneuvered Japan into a position of complete dominance in the East, as much so as if she had established a Monroe Doctrine of her own there. Such as these see in the alliance between Japan and Russia a first and vital step toward the Chinese-Japanese-Russian-German alliance to oppose European and American economic penetration and imperialism in Asia.

But the President, as William Hard has said, faces an issue only when it overtakes him and he is compelled in self-defense to turn and strike at it. He will have the courage to deal with Russia only if Borah and others can create a public opinion to enable him to reverse the Hughes policy. That is no easy matter when one considers the number of times Mr. Hughes has announced to the world that the Bolshevik Government was on the point of collapsing and that we should never, never deal with any country which did not respect the right of private property—as if our own hands were not deeply stained with the violation of the private property rights of slaveholders, beer-brewers, Indians, and, lately, the owners of confiscated Germany property. Yet difficult as it may be for the little man in the White House it would not be surprising if, because of pressure from Borah, a government commission were dispatched to Russia within a few months, to find a way of letting us down easy, of saving our faces. He would be bold indeed who in the light of the past would assert that Mr. Borah will not accomplish what he sets his heart on. We may speedily see an apparent Coolidge triumph by means of the Fabian policy of yielding under pressure.

But at bottom there is a fundamental difference in the views of these two men, which insures the genuineness of the duel we are witnessing. Mr. Coolidge may recede here, yield there, or bend at this point or the other. The fact remains that he is in office by grace of the system which Mr. Borah must combat with all his might and main if he is to be true to himself and to his whole past career. He cannot yield; the alternative is stultification. As Mr. Coolidge's latest appointments show, the President is in the White House to serve big business—the same interests often classified as international financiers. They want the Dawes Plan to succeed, secondarily at least, because it brings all Europe under American financial control. As *Commerce and Finance* says, they have made us Americans "everyone of us—the owners of hundreds of millions of able-bodied serfs." They are the ones who are decreeing that the standard of living of the whole German working class shall be degraded so that reparations may be paid. They are the ones who are willing to scale down French public debts if only the private loans are kept intact.

But they will have no ally in Senator Borah. He is for the payment of the debts, and he is beginning to assail France directly because he senses that she does not intend to pay a cent more of her debts to us than she is compelled to. President Coolidge, having much Yankee shrewdness in money matters, undoubtedly sees this just as clearly as Senator Borah. The one will fight openly for his position; the other will be controlled "by the state of public opinion"—and by the wishes of the bankers. If Senator Borah can rouse public opinion so that it looks as if the larger battalions were on his side the President will also be on his side; meanwhile the duel will be on and it will be no pretense. For behind Coolidge stand Mellon and Mellonism. With Mr. Hughes out of the Cabinet, and Mr. Hoover snubbed by the offer of the Secretaryship of Agriculture (and so offended by the failure to offer him the Secretaryship of State or consult with him about Mr. Hughes's successor that rumors are abroad that he will be out within a year), Mr. Mellon remains the one powerful figure in the Cabinet—the one upon whom above all else financiers and big-business men pin their faith. They shudder at the thought that Senator Borah disputes their unqualified ownership of the White House and the Government. Plainly this man Borah is a nuisance. How they would like to see the Presidential rapier pierce him in the vicinity of the fifth rib! And their uneasiness is not diminished by the fact that occasionally the man in the White House does do something off his own bat—chooses Mr. Kellogg to be head of his Cabinet, suggests a "bolshevik" rent law for the District of Columbia. . . .

The worst of the thing is not merely that Mr. Borah is beyond the influence of those who hold the first mortgage on Mr. Coolidge and the Government. It is that time itself fights upon Mr. Borah's side. Here and in Europe the march of events plays into his hands. The peace protocol plays into it; the French shiftiness on the debt plays into it; the Paris agreement signed by Mr. Kellogg plays

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into it. Never was the League so discredited in Washington as it is today; never was the World Court less popular; even some of its warmest advocates are reported shaken. All this strengthens the man who in the field of foreign politics stands almost alone in Washington in his challenge of the powers that be. It enhances his prestige, increases his reputation as a prophet; it makes men tremble as they think how accurate he is in his facts and his positions. It steadies his hand; it adds to his coolness; it gives additional clarity to his vision; it helps him to know just when and where to strike and how to puncture. You recall as you watch him that there was once a great duelist who used to play with his opponents as long as he pleased and then would, carelessly, slice off a bit of each ear. . . . It is an interesting duel: it is worth seeing. It will, if anything, become more intense when Congress adjourns. Only if you are a spectator you must not let yourself be led astray by the feints and retreats of the little man fencing with that big weapon stamped "authority." And do not forget that what they are fighting over is a little clay cart, like that of the Hindu boy in the ancient play—only it is our foreign policy.

The Novel of Inquest

By JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

THERE was a time when he who wished to discover the tendencies of American literature simply looked across the Atlantic to see what the English authors were doing. Our writing, especially our fiction, was regarded as a poor cousin to English letters, imitating their grace and manners, toadying to their opinions, and accepting their doctrines and styles; and it was expected to follow in the wake of its pompous and powerful relation. Today none is so blind as to ignore the chasm that separates the two literatures, and a comparison of the recent work of English and American novelists will immediately disclose a marked difference in purpose and technique; there is even indication that these differences will grow until we have two fundamentally independent conceptions of the character of fiction.

While the English writers have been experimenting with delicate, pungent hybrids in the hot-houses of their imagination, our authors have sowed their seed in common soil. The result in England has been a startling, exotic output—occasionally exquisite and often interesting, but almost always inconsequential; in the United States it has been a sturdy, indigenous crop of true aesthetic worth and immense social value. In fact, not since the Russian masters uncovered the soul of their people has there been so fertile or so beautiful an interpretation of national spirit. This generalization is not without its striking exceptions. The best work on the bourgeoisie during the past two years was written in England. It is that full-length portrait of the petty soul, "Riceyman Steps." But Arnold Bennett's book shares honors with only two others: Sheila Kaye-Smith's study of the disintegrating English gentry, "The End of the House of Alard," and Rowland Kenney's tremendous short stories about people of the abyss in "A Pedlar's Pack."

The magnitude and significance of the recent tendencies in our fiction can be measured in many ways, but the most conclusive fact is that not only the literary novice but the deans of American writing, whatever their previous proclivity may have been, are accepting the novel of inquest as the medium of their art. For when Floyd Dell, Ben Hecht, Helen Hull, and threescore other young writers flocked to the school of realistic research founded by Theodore Dreiser, Robert Herrick, Sherwood Anderson, and Sinclair Lewis, nothing more was signified than the awakening of an attitude toward American life; whereas when the popular litterateurs like Booth Tarkington, Zona Gale, Meredith Nicholson, Edna Ferber, and a dozen more highly paid entertainers went from the stage to the laboratory it meant the acknowledgment of a new literary style. Willy-nilly the latter group established the novel of inquest.

I have named it the novel of inquest because the ancient adjective, realistic, no longer wholly suffices to describe its peculiar quality. The realistic novel, as it has been written in the past year, goes beyond the portrayal of morals and manners which we found in the work of James, Howells, and Jewett or even in the books of Hamlin Garland and Edith Wharton. It is now also an inquiry into the purposes of the life which it describes and a judgment on the value of that life. Moreover, it approaches its subjects like a vice commission, placing them automatically and immediately on the defensive by the very fact that it takes them under consideration; and it is frankly antagonistic in its investigation. Finally, the novel of inquest, no matter what the individual theme or the particular attitude concerned, deals ultimately with the American middle class—one might even say with the lower middle class if the line of demarcation in our social groups were a little less hazy.

The preoccupation with the bourgeoisie does not limit our novelists to a uniformity of temper or to an identity of object or even to a given locus of observation. For our green-grocer is not confined to M. Poirier; he is also Jones and Cohen, Ryan and Giovanni, Schmidt and Jensen and MacPherson. His habitat is not a scanty two hundred thousand square miles; it incloses three parallels of latitude and four time meridians. Nor is his attempt at social climbing the only problem that our authors find worthy of consideration; they have dissected his appetites and prejudices, enthusiasms and fears, qualities and failings; they have attacked and defended, praised and ridiculed; they have raised him to the dignity of a tragic hero and dismissed him in disgust as a gluttonous, incogitant beast.

I do not mean to imply that American fiction has animadverted upon the bourgeois to the exclusion of every other class and topic. One of the finest things of the past year, Edith Wharton's work on "Old New York," is an ironic treatment of Knickerbocker aristocracy in which its conventions and inhibitions are presented in the light of Masefield's observation that the life of man is stronger than good taste. Similarly Willa Cather in "A Lost Lady" and Thomas Beer in "Sandoval" gather the higher fringes of early American society into their creative patterns. For we are turning to the post-revolutionary period for the sagas of our own Golden Age and, as the crude and hoiden pioneers recede more and more into the hazy distance, we

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may expect an increasing emphasis on their virtues and elegancies. On the other hand, contemporary American aristocracy does not escape the critical spirit of the times. Whether presented incidentally as in Samuel Hopkins Adams's "Siege" and Ernest Poole's "The Avalanche," or whether dealt with directly as in the shallow "Interpreter's House" of Struthers Burt and in the cheaper books of Arthur Train, our present-day "society" is made out to be lax, vapid, and altogether ignoble.

Yet if our authors be agreed that the *beau monde* of today is not beautiful, they are far from being unanimous in the opinion that the bourgeoisie is ugly. To be sure, Mr. Lewis's attack in "Babbitt" is heartily supported by "So Big," in which Edna Ferber makes her plea for the creative life, and less whole-heartedly by "Country Club People," in which Margaret Banning pleads guilty to the limitations of Main Street, but offers mitigating circumstances. But there is Mr. Tarkington, facile pen in hand, who in "The Midlander" meets the enemy on its own ground and attempts to answer the charges against that personification of blah and blarney, the real-estate agent. A better defense of the blatant smugness which characterizes Babbittry is made in "The Boosters" of Mark Lee Luther, where an intelligent skeptic differentiates between the virile spirit and the vulgar morale of our middle classes. What Mr. Luther realized and Mr. Tarkington did not is that there is a conflict of ideals in the new civilization.

By far the most effective inquest into the aims and ideals of contemporary civilization and the regimentation of manners and ideas during the progress of the Industrial Age is made by Robert Herrick in "Waste." Mr. Herrick's power and artistry are the more obvious through comparison with the numerous writers who have used the same basic situation—that of a poetic temperament caught in our industrial routine, struggling for independence and freedom and stifling in the inadequacy of our spiritual atmosphere—on which to build their tales. This unsuccessful rebellion against the shackling of the individual spirit by the taboos of American life is the leitmotif of Sherwood Anderson's autobiography; and it is always present like a muffled drum in his volume of short stories, "Horses and Men," which is the finest fiction he has published, though the most obviously imitative of the Russians. Only in Christopher Morley's superficial allegory, "Where the Blue Begins," and in the crude satire on advertising, "You Too," by Roger Burlingame, do the characters find that tortuous path, self-sufficiency, by which Mr. Herrick's hero climbs to happiness.

Yet one need but glance at our rural chronicles to see that life among the unsophisticates with all its opportunities for independence and self-sufficiency is even less idyllic than life among the slaves of the machine. It is perhaps significant that the State which is most sensitive about its cultural backwardness should have become articulate in four novels. "The Hawkeye," by Herbert Quick, greatly inferior both in architecture and vitality to "Vandermark's Folly," faces the problem directly and takes an entire county of Iowa within the scope of its historical narrative. Ruth Suckow, on the other hand, confines herself to three generations of one family. "Country People" is written with that candor and absence of bias which is characteristic of Hamlin Garland rather than of Sinclair Lewis. In "Arlie Gelston" Roger Sergel depicts most truly the spirit of Iowa, though he is also concerned with the problem of a woman who battles against a passion for sexual variety.

Mr. Sergel's book is one of many current considerations of sex, for the inquest that fiction is holding has penetrated even into the two red-light districts of American thought, the mating instinct and the appetites of the young; and these subjects show, perhaps most clearly of all, both in treatment and in point of view, the new spirit of research as distinguished from realism. The American treatment of them is, quite characteristically, confined to the definite problems of marriage and college life. Yet if we have no one to take cognizance of the purely biological urge which underlies sex, as Aldous Huxley does in "Antic Hay," we have an equally cynical consideration of its manifestations in James Branch Cabell's subtle and symbolic innuendo; and if we shy away from a study of adolescence such as Hugh De Selincourt's "One Little Boy," or a discussion of undersexed women who can find no place in the present organization of society, we balance this by greater emphasis on the educational training of our young and on the problem of individual freedom in marital relationships. This problem Sherwood Anderson faces in "Many Marriages," and to give it expression in "Mirage" and "The Nuptial Flight" Edgar Lee Masters has forsaken his poetry. The question of freedom from the woman's point of view is studied most penetratingly by Helen Hull in "Labyrinth." Miss Hull has achieved a work of art where hundreds of others have merely constructed novels.

The reader of contemporary fiction cannot escape these hundreds of volumes, and he must be well aware that every other phase of American civilization is considered in the same spirit of critical investigation, that while our more mature authors seek their themes in the persistent and permanent problems of life, the younger writers seize upon the incidents of their limited experience. And he can readily see, therefore, that a "school" of fiction has taken the novel of inquest as its medium for portraying American life. Less obvious but more important is the fact that this new school differs from its predecessors in a very essential respect; it is not like the schools of realists and symbolists because it is not a group of conscious artists portraying life in accordance with a preconceived method, a method that is discredited by the authorities and unpopular with the mob. On the contrary, we have in this school—owing to its great and instantaneous popularity—journeymen of letters who have used the method without accepting it, who are coloring their shoddy wares by facile and superficial criticism of American life in order to place their work within the spectrum of the true art which is at last expressing America. Thus for every Sinclair Lewis there are dozens of Norval Richardsons and for every Helen Hull scores of Charles Norrises. We are flooded with so-called studies wherein meaningless if not dishonest investigations into manners and morals are substituted for analysis.

How much the success of the novel of inquest will deflect the general current of our literature cannot yet be determined, but it is already evident that we have sustained a loss in that our research method leaves no place for that joyous spirit which animates most great writings. The tendency in our fiction is away from both broad humor and sharp wit. Our novelists are altogether too earnest and therefore too ponderous. They not only are neglecting such clever trifling as the "Leave It to Psmith" of P. G. Wodehouse, but they seem unconscious of the fact that social criticism may also find expression in an uproarious masterpiece like Ernest Bramah's tales of Kai Lung.

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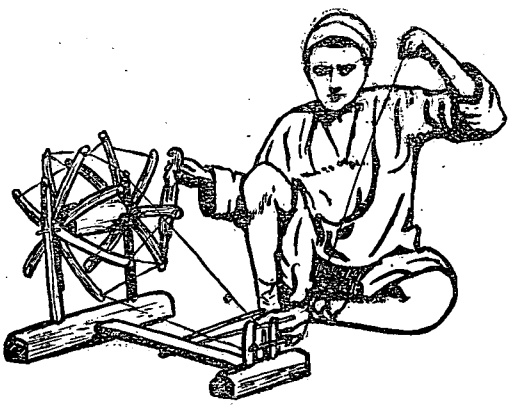
Gandhi Sets India Spinning

By GERTRUDE MARVIN WILLIAMS

COMPROMISE is never an exhilarating spectacle. And perhaps a sense of exhilaration was the something which seemed lacking toward the close of India's thirty-ninth annual National Congress.

Spectacularly, the Congress was magnificent. Gandhi presided, and on the speaker's dais were gathered all the celebrities of the Indian Nationalist movement. There were Das and Nehru, leaders of the Swaraj Party, to whom Gandhi has had to make important concessions; Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, famous as a poet, speaker, and political leader; Lajpat Rai, looking much more contented and happy than in his exile days; the bearded Ali brothers, Mohamad and Shaukat, leaders of the Moslem element in the Congress. Mohamad's wife was an especially effective bit of background, for she was in purdah, wearing a shapeless white linen mantle and hood with a broad strip of linen covering her face. A narrow slit of drawn work across her eyes admitted some air.

The Pandal or tent was made of strips of the white khaddar or homespun with which Gandhi hopes to work out Indian salvation. The tent seated more than 15,000, but not in chairs. The ground was covered with matting, and the great audience sat cross legged, packed tightly into the wedge-shaped sections which were partitioned off by strips of khaddar.



Drawing by Alpha Buse

Small nationalist flags, green, white, and red, stamped in black with Gandhi's beloved emblem, the spinning wheel, draped the speaker's dais, and framed pictures of past and present heroes. From the dais, across a sea of white turbans and the close-fitting white homespun "Gandhi caps," with frequent splashes of brilliant crimson and emerald and orange turbans, one could see through the arched entrance of the tent a rather wilted little formal garden and fountain and beyond, through an imposing Hindu archway, the Congress camp. A series of matting arches marked the street intersections and gave perspective to the vista of a shifting mass of men and women, their white and colored draperies and vivid turbans almost blinding in the dazzling sunlight.

High above it all rose the speaker's stand, festooned in yellow marigolds. Here sat Gandhi, looking down on the people he loves, a slim dark wisp of a man, naked to the waist, bare legged, with only a scant draping of white homespun about his loins. On the opening day, when he rose from the dais and mounted the high steps to the stand, there was a quick hum of excitement. I looked down at my watch to time the applause, wondering how it would compare with our Western demonstrations. I waited—but there was no applause. Gandhi does not like the noise and he does not approve of applause, and so that great crowd who adore him with an intensity which we of the West can scarcely conceive loved him enough to sit silent when he appeared and when he left them each day. Even when he passed from the tent to the little house of homespun and matting near by, which had been built for him, there was silence. He walked through dense masses of people, held back by the volunteer police, who would stand waiting to see him for hours. And sometimes a man would fling himself past the police, prostrate at Gandhi's feet, and, gathering up the dust of his master's footprint, rub it upon his forehead reverently.

These people who make the background for every gathering of celebrities must all have come to Belgaum for the occasion, because it is a tiny village, and the crowd who surged up and down the matting-walled streets of the camp numbered at least another 15,000 in addition to the 15,000 inside the tent. They were admirably cared for in streets and streets of matting huts and great communal kitchens. It was a good-sized job of organization, building the straw city, allotting space to the various sections, providing sanitary arrangements, drinking water, food for all these thousands, and for the dignified bullocks with painted horns which brought many of them in gaily decorated, two-wheeled springless carts. There was even an emergency hospital, and there was an emergency jail for pickpockets. And they were both well used.

Reports of the increasing importance of the two political leaders, C. R. Das and Motilal Nehru, and of their Swaraj (Home Rule) Party have been reaching the United States for some time. It was anticipated that this Congress would define the relative power of the two sides: Gandhi, the great idealist, and Das and Nehru, the practical politicians. In reality, the possibilities of the Congress were pretty definitely outlined a couple of months ago. When Gandhi, after long negotiation with Das and Nehru, signed the Calcutta pact he virtually committed himself and his followers to the half defeat of compromise. And yet, because Gandhi is such an heroic figure, there was still a suspense, a waiting for some eleventh-hour miracle.

Gandhi is still the best-known, best-loved man in India, perhaps in the world, when you remember that India loves with 320,000,000 hearts. Even his opponents preface their comment on the present situation with tributes to Gandhi, appreciation of the fact that it would have been impossible to prevent this Congress from splitting sharply in two without his personality and influence. Yet there is a strong undercurrent of feeling, even among those in sympathy with him, that his importance as a political figure can scarcely be as great in the future as it has been in the past.

From the first Gandhi and his followers have stood for non-cooperation with the British Government based on four boycotts: (1) Education, attending Indian rather than government schools; (2) law courts, settling their disputes

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through private arbitration and giving up extensive law practices rather than plead in government courts; (3) legislation, refusing to run for seats in Councils and to accept government positions; (4) foreign cloth, through the development of *Charkar*—home spinning wheels. Although there have been many individual sacrifices on behalf of all these boycotts, the first two never reached any great proportions. It was on the boycott of legislation that the great split in the Congress came. Mr. Das and Mr. Nehru consider it more effective to enter the Councils and sabotage the Government from within rather than to refuse to have any dealings with them. While Gandhi was in jail a year ago, Das and Nehru toured the country and gained many followers for their policy, which obviously has the more popular appeal. Today, the Congress is almost evenly divided on this question, with a slight majority of "No-Changers," as Gandhi's disciples are called.

The other party, the Swarajists, have in the past rather ridiculed the fourth boycott. Gandhi's plans for building up a cottage spinning industry, making it popular by pledging every congressman to do his share, seemed to many of them only visionary and impractical. Gandhi, however, takes his spinning program very seriously. It is of the essence of his philosophy. That each congressman, no matter how important a man of affairs he might be, should pledge himself to spin 2,000 yards of yarn per month involved a humility and simplicity of spirit which were exactly Gandhi's ideal.

The Calcutta pact was described as a compromise—by both sides. Gandhi gave up his objection to members of the Swaraj Party in Congress accepting positions in the government Councils. The Swarajists pledged themselves either to spin their daily dozen or to hire it done—another compromise on Gandhi's part which he much regretted. Roughly, this was the Calcutta pact which Gandhi signed and which the Congress has indorsed. Although there was earnest protest on both sides, only one of the 6,000 delegates felt strongly enough to resign. Gandhi stated his own position in regard to the compromise very frankly in his presidential address. Referring to the status of equality given to members of the Swaraj Party in the Congress, he said:

> I wish I could have avoided it, not because the party is not worthy but because I do not share its views about Council-entry. But if I must remain in the Congress and even lead it, I must recognize facts as they are. It was easy enough for me to go out of the Congress, or to decline the honor of presiding. But it was not, so I thought, and still think, in the interest of the country for me to take that step. The Swaraj Party represents, if not a majority, at least a strong and growing minority in the Congress. If I was not to divide the Congress on the issue of its status, I was bound to agree to its conditions, so long as they were not in conflict with my conscience.

Although main interest and criticism centered about the pact, Gandhi laid solemn stress in his presidential address on two other problems whose solution is essential if India is to make progress toward Swaraj (home rule). They are Hindu-Moslem unity and the removal of Untouchability. As long as Hindu-Moslem antagonism continues, boiling over into riots and bloodshed, England will, with justification, point to these riots, which her army has to put down, as a demonstration that India is not ready to govern herself. It was to bring about Hindu-Moslem unity that Gandhi fasted for three weeks last spring. There is no doubt that, as a Hindu, he occupies a unique position in Mohammedan hearts. Many of them love and trust him and accept him as their leader.

The caste system, which keeps 50,000,000 Hindus under degrading disabilities, is another difficult thing to root out. It has centuries of tradition behind it. It is hedged about with priestcraft and supposed religious sanction, though Gandhi bravely challenges this sanction.

The political end of the program, which has the only really popular appeal, has been turned over to the Swarajists. Members of Gandhi's party, while tolerating Swaraj policy within the Congress, will not themselves enter any political contests. This cuts Gandhi's followers down to propaganda on two social evils and a spinning program. Hindu-Moslem unity and removal of untouchability are social rather than political problems. Passing resolutions does not affect them. Only the slow processes of evolution and education will penetrate the masses of the people and finally wipe them out.

With his spinning program Gandhi hopes to achieve a complete boycott of foreign—and this means English—cloth. This would prove at once an embarrassing blow to Britain's Lancashire cotton trade, for which India is the chief customer, and it would build up a cottage industry to supplement the uncertainty of droughts and poor crops. It is, after all, only reviving the industry which England ruthlessly suppressed on behalf of her Lancashire spinners in the early days of building up their industry. Spinning is, besides, an ideal weapon of non-violence. Gandhi realizes the difficulties of building a virile and going campaign on the basis of pledging oneself to sit down and spin 2,000 yards of cotton per month, men and women alike. He quotes his critics as complaining that the spinning wheel is not exciting enough—is an occupation only for women—means a return to the Middle Ages—is a vain effort against the majestic march of scientific knowledge for which machinery stands. He replies that spinning mills, managed by men, are only a multiplication of spinning wheels, and that what India needs is not excitement but hard work. He says that there are 5,000,000 spinning wheels in the homes of India today, and that it is only necessary to set them whirring. He becomes almost lyrical and his face is transfigured as he appeals to his vast audiences on behalf of the great vision he sees of an India emancipated, and through non-violence.

> I have thus dilated upon the spinning wheel because I have no better or other message for the nation. I know no other effective method for the attainment of Swaraj, if it is to be by "peaceful and legitimate means." It is the only substitute for violence that can be accepted by the whole nation.

The British press in India either ridicules Gandhi as a visionary or abuses him as a conscious villain. Old school orthodox Hindus denounce him as a heretic. Indian liberal opinion is either cautious or skeptical as to the possibilities of his success.

Here at the beginning of the year Das and Nehru have a decided strategic advantage in their control of the political program, and they are capable and popular men. Gandhi's position is, of course, unique. He has attained a position of love and reverence reached by only a handful of men through the centuries. He has set the nation a task which seems psychologically impossible. Will India respond?

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Let Race Alone

(The Third Article of the Series on The Nordic Myth)

By EDWARD SAPIR

WE live in an age not so much of science as of scientific application. We are not so much possessed of a philosophic criticism that may be supposed to be born of scientific research as we are urged on by a restless faith in the pronouncements of science. We have made it a religion. It tyrannizes over every moment of our conscious lives and gives us but the most narrow and uncomfortable of margins for the exercise of deeper-lying, intuitive capacities. No sooner do our scientific stokers and manipulators demonstrate the possibility of a certain kind and speed of locomotion than it becomes our religious duty to sanctify the possibility into a solemn, interminable line of automobiles. No sacred procession leading its victim to the stake was ever moved by compulsions more austere than those which dictate to us our pleasures and our griefs.

But the "scientific" spirit leads to more serious ailments than such sacrificial tropisms as these. Man is not so constituted as to be either willing or able to submit his dearest problems to the uninspired decisions of science. One wearies of standing in line in its age-long waiting list. And too often, when patience has been rewarded by a hurried consultation at the oracular wicket, the answer is dim, cryptic, even meaningless. It is doubtful if Delphic maid was ever more discreet than science. What happens when we cannot or will not submit our case to this deity of ours and are yet persuaded that it is the voice of science that we should carry away with us is precisely what happens today, a thousand times over. We answer *for* science, we take the echo of our prejudice for its own unprompted opinion, drop out of the waiting list, and come away exultant with our happy confirmations. No age has been free from prejudice, no society, primitive or sophisticated, can do without it, but it is perhaps more particularly our civilized society of today that systematically directs its thinking to the scientific justification of its prejudices. We have neither the firm but pallid courage of science, with its slender retinue of opinions, nor the robuster courage of prejudice, but a mixed behavior which affects the serenity of the one and indulges in the antics of the other.

The current wave of race prejudice, which is nowhere more virulent, more systematic, and more dangerous than in certain scientific circles, both real and supposed, is as good an example as we could wish of heated desire subdued to the becoming coolness of a technical vocabulary. Race prejudice is no new thing, but it has been reserved for nineteenth- and twentieth-century thinkers, if the word may be applied to the Gobineaus, Houston Chamberlains, and their contemporary like, to smuggle this variety of prejudice into the cathedral service of science and to serve it up with a vigorous Nordic hymnology.

There used to be a time when a Nordic was a rather undistinguished type of barbarian. His strenuous virtues were of some literary value to a Tacitus in need of a cudgel with which to punctuate his moral ideals, but there is no especial reason why we should feel more anxiously impressed by those far-away metaphors and nostalgias than by Chateaubriand's exercises in praise of the noble Red Man. Today the Nordic stands in no need of Tacitus's condescending voucher. To explain fully why so many of us do honestly think that a dolichocephalic Protestant of the Ozark Mountains has greater cultural and biological stuff in him than a dolichocephalic Catholic from the barbarous shores of Sicily, pestered as they are by the ruins of his ancestors' civilization, would be a task for a cultural historian, a psychologist (with a psychiatric squint), a sociologist, a philosophic biologist, and a humorist rolled into one. The tale is much too long and complex for the summarizing. May we modestly suggest instead that the *fact* of Nordic superiority ("Anglo-Saxon" version[1]) is one of the afterthoughts bred in reflective minds by a chain of events that was set going by the defeat of the Spanish Armada and culminated in the growth of English-speaking America and the development of sea-power and industrialism in England? (Not that the English[2] and their colonial derivatives can be fairly said to represent the Nordic race with measurable purity. This does not greatly matter, for it is essential to the peace of the latter-day scientific conscience to square, with what approximate accuracy it may, a unit born of collective pride, say "Anglo-Saxondom," with a scientific unit suggested by the measuring rod, say the "Nordic race.") The scientific *proof* of the "fact" of Nordic superiority would seem to lie in the inferential application to selected chapters of history of certain technical ideas on the nature of biological heredity. These were given form by researches on the cross-breeding of different varieties of peas undertaken by Abbé Mendel, an Austrian Catholic, it is true, and presumably a member of the somewhat inferior "Alpine" race—but one can always learn from one's inferiors.

Let us, for a perilous moment, overlook the fact of Nordic racial superiority and content ourselves with the mere concept, or whim, of racial superiority in the abstract. What does this concept rest on? On the obvious fact that there are physically contrasting groups of people (the races and sub-races of man), on the presumption that their physical differences are more or less closely associated with significant mental differences, on the observation that certain groups of people (classes, nationalities, or even whole races) have a more highly evolved culture than others, and on the inference that these differences of culture are but expressions of the presumed innate differences in mentality which go with the physical differences. Thus, we observe that a Chinaman is appreciably different in his physical constitution from an Englishman. It is therefore hard to believe that he has essentially the same innate mental endowment as the latter. Moreover, we see, as a matter of fact, that he behaves quite differently from a sensible Englishman. He is not nearly so clever in handling machinery, he has absurd beliefs about his ancestors and rather unappetizing food habits, he has not the right ideas about God, and his music can be called such only by courtesy. Who can doubt that his conduct, both as an individual

[1] The German version has to read a little differently.
[2] Still less the Germans.

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and as one of a group, stamps him the inferior of the Englishman? And is there any particular reason to doubt that the chromosomes, endocrine glands, and other biological things to swear by that are responsible for his yellowish skin and oblique eyes are also to blame for his un-English and un-American behavior? Books on race do not often present this line of argument quite so baldly or childishly, but I cannot see that I have essentially misrepresented the typical argument for racial inferiorities.

Let us see what happens when substantially the same notions are applied to individuals within a supposedly homogeneous group, say to A and B, both residents of one of our more expensive suburbs, both, in fact, of pure Mayflower stock. A is rather short of stature, has a shortish head (mesocephalic, we will say, with a dangerous leaning toward mere brachycephaly), and has brown eyes which are habitually animated by a shrewd twinkle; as for his cultural attainments there is little to say except that his chief recreation is poker and the telling of obscene jokes, that he believes the Kaiser caused the great war, and that he is useful to society because he sells hats. B is very different in both anatomical and cultural respects. He is a fine example of a six-footer, has a head that any physical anthropologist would spot at once as dolichocephalic (index 70), and his eyes are as blue as the sky. He seldom smiles—whether because his ideas are too weighty or because, as his friends suggest, he cannot bring them into action quickly enough to see the point of a joke. He is very cultured, reads only literature above the level of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and, if the truth must be told, teaches one of the "ologies" at a major university. A and B rarely speak to each other, though the bosom of each swells to the same pride of nationality.

Now for method. It is easy to see that these individuals belong to utterly distinct types of humanity. Dare we call them "races"? Why not? A belongs to a short, brachycephalic, brown-eyed "race," the technical name of which is left to the reader's imagination. This "race" is rather poorly endowed, not merely because we can hardly believe that any brachycephal is capable of prolonged mental concentration but because the proof of the pudding is in the eating. Any man that wastes his time on poker has patently childish notions about the mainsprings of contemporary political action, and gets no higher in the world than selling hats (we forgot to mention that A sells hats on a moderate scale) is distinctly inferior to a professor who plays chess, who knows that the Kaiser was not the only one responsible for the war, and who confines his reading to the very best that this weary world has produced. A's "race" is inferior to B's. If observation is worth anything it tends to prove that short, brown-eyed brachycephals (even mesocephals) cannot expect to rise above the poker-playing, hat-selling stage, while the dizzier heights are reserved for tall, blue-eyed dolichocephals. If eugenists had their way we fear that they would not hear of A's children marrying B's.

And now A's friends and the higher critics of the philosophy of race rush to the rescue and let loose a furious volley of destructive remarks. It is not possible to set down all of these remarks, but here are some of them. A is as good a man as B; in fact, his is the keener intellect by nature. There are plenty of brachycephalic professors and any number of dolichocephals who sell hats. The attempt to associate A's and B's physical appearances with their respective innate mental endowments and these in turn with their cultural tastes and habits is all rubbish. The human gamut of moron to genius can be recruited equally well from the totality of sellers of hats and from the totality of professors, nor does this gamut fail to appear when the principle of selection is dolichocephals or brachycephals or tall or short people or blue-eyed or brown-eyed people or any combination of these physical traits. Furthermore, we are told that A sells hats and plays poker not because he was born wrong but merely because his breeding was not as well-baked an undertaking as B's. It is the old story of cultural setting as the all-important factor in the external development of the individual; and the equally old story, less often remembered, of the irrelevance of the external cultural behavior of an individual for close inferences as to his inherited mental endowment. On due reflection we find ourselves moved by the arguments of the higher critics. We are so much drawn to them, in fact, that we forthwith declare the following principles to be sound and, so to speak, self-evident. First, that it is vain to look for correlations between the major physical characteristics of man (such, in fact, as are being habitually used to define "race") and mental endowment; second, that any selection of individuals on normal physical grounds will include samplings of all grades of innate ability; third, that what is ordinarily called "culture" is the result of historical and environmental factors that are in essence independent of race, in its proper biological sense, and that it does not proceed, in any intelligible fashion, from inherited mental qualities as such.

At this point some of the higher critics take alarm and raise protests. It is all very well, they maintain, to pooh-pooh the physical and cultural differences between A and B, but you can't be so generous when you are talking about a Negro or a Chinaman. There the physical differences *do* count and the cultural ones too. But why? What difference does it make to Nature and the machinery of chromosomes if we pull A under cover of the "Nordic race," say, and announce that he is merely at the tail-end of a distribution curve and not really a racial alien to B at all, but deny that statistical privilege to an "Alpine" from southern Germany or a Jew or Hindu or Chinaman or Negro? There are greater and less differences in physical and cultural respects between individuals and groups of individuals, but if the kind of leap that is typified by the passage from A to B is declared non-significant for inferences as to natural endowment, then I cannot see that the greater leap from the group that includes both A and B to the mass of individuals known as Jews or Chinamen does justify such inferences. To find that Nature makes racial correlations (as to physical appearance, mental endowment, and culture) but that it refuses to make closely parallel sub-racial correlations after a certain point can hardly be explained otherwise than on the principle of the "projection" in nature of what has formulated itself in the observing mind and desiring heart.

At best we know tantalizingly little about human heredity. The selection of particular traits, both physical and, especially, mental, as "desirable" is hopelessly subjective. The attempt to make of such "desirable" traits a matrix for the development of a culture prejudged as "desirable" is unphilosophic and uninformed by the facts of history. In dealing with nature we are always arguing without our host; in dealing with culture, scarcely less so.

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If human culture has shifted its geographical center so frequently without serious loss to mankind as a whole and if the physical history of man is crowded with, indeed consists of, wholesale amalgamations of varying types, we would seem to be needlessly alarmed about the racial and cultural future. It cannot have been such a bad regime that for a few hundreds of thousands of years has managed to bring intact to us of today both man the animal and his steadily evolving culture. Why should we try utterly new methods because a number of well-meaning and patriotic scientists are in the habit of philosophically misinterpreting the larger bearing of some Mendelian experiments?

A little learning is a dangerous thing. The reasonable man will feel about all the race talk that it is an exceedingly muddled affair. He will adopt for his practical policy the maxim, "Let race alone." That is, he will try to act as though, for cultural purposes, race did not exist. He will do his level best to act courteously to individuals of all races and he will pay them all the compliment of assuming that they are essentially similar in potentiality to himself and his like. A healthy instinct will tell him that whatever be the alleged facts about race, it is ethically debilitating to raise it as an issue, because in so doing he shifts the emphasis from the individual to collective chimeras of one kind or another. If he is in some measure mistaken about the matter, he will be robust enough to prefer to go wrong with the classical and outmoded thinkers of the Age of Enlightenment than further wrong with the truculent and romantic race-mongers of today. And if the worst comes to the worst, he can always fall back on those childhood prejudices which, he may be sure, he has never wholly eradicated and which, if he is an unmarried Nordic, will probably prevent him from dragging the first Negro woman he meets to the hymeneal altar. Even the reasonable man is irrational enough to hang on to what stores of prejudice he possesses under cover of philosophic innocence. Only, being reasonable, he much prefers his prejudice "straight." He does not like the adulterated scientific variety.

The Rockefeller Plan and the Worker

By BEN M. SELEKMAN

THE Rockefeller Plan, introduced in Colorado in 1915, marked the beginning of an employees' representation movement which today includes some 800 companies employing over a million workers. Among its leaders are powerful concerns—the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, the International Harvester Company, the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, and others. A movement of such size, sponsored by such leaders, cannot be lightly brushed aside. It is a fact in the industrial life of the nation.

So far, however, the movement has received no clear-cut definition. It has been made to cover everything from safety committees to plans which establish real financial and managerial partnership between stockholders and employees. Perhaps the one distinguishing characteristic of the movement is that whatever form it takes it has been introduced by management rather than by labor and limited to the single company involved.

In the ten years of its growth, employees' representation has been the target of bitter attack and warm support. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., has called his plan a "comprehensive industrial constitution" and a "republic of labor." He sees in it "a medium through which the always changing conditions of industry may be from time to time more closely adapted to the needs, the desires, and the aspirations of men." The American Federation of Labor, on the other hand, has indicted "systems of collective bargaining akin to the Rockefeller Plan" as "company unions" and a "delusion and a snare set up by the companies for the express purpose of deluding the workers into the belief that they have some protection and thus have no need for trade-union organization."

The issues here are sharply joined. Yet it is at once apparent that these diametrically opposed estimates represent "official" opinion; the employers and organized labor have made their stand articulate. But the testing ground of both these attitudes must be found in the workers who are to be represented by these plans. What do the men in mines and mills and shops think about employees' representation? Are they satisfied that these plans really help them to obtain better living and working conditions, fair wages, reasonable hours of work, security of employment, and that status to which they are entitled as citizens of an industrial community?

Two intensive studies of the Rockefeller Plan, the model upon which so many other employee-representation plans have been based, have just been published by the Russell Sage Foundation and present for the first time a picture of what such plans actually mean to the workers themselves. One of these, "Employees' Representation in Coal Mines," describes the operation of the plan in some twenty-five coal mines with 5,000 employees operated by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in southern Colorado. The other, "Employees' Representation in Steel Works," describes the operation of the plan in the Minnequa Steel Works with 7,000 employees, operated by the same company in Pueblo, Colorado.

The Rockefeller Plan in essence permits the miners and steel workers to elect annually fellow-workers in the employ of the company "to act in their behalf with respect to matters pertaining to their employment, working and living conditions, the adjustment of differences, . . ." These representatives meet periodically with an equal number of company officials to "discuss freely matters of mutual interest and concern to the company and its employees, . . . suggestions to promote increased efficiency and production, to improve working and living conditions, to enforce discipline, avoid friction, and to further friendly and cordial relations between the company's officers and employees." In addition, four joint committees composed of equal numbers of employees' representatives and company officials are appointed to consider safety and accidents; sanitation, health, and housing; recreation and education; industrial cooperation and conciliation. The company administers the plan through a vice-president and defrays all expenses.

What has this plan meant to the Colorado miners and steel workers in terms of living and working conditions, hours, wages, and status? With the introduction of the representation plan the conditions which the United States

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Commission on Industrial Relations characterized as "political serfdom" were eliminated. The miners live in more attractive and healthier communities. Better homes have been built; streets have been drained; sidewalks provided, and fences erected. Attractive clubhouses have been established. Safety and sanitary conditions have been improved. The men receive more considerate treatment. Stories of arbitrary discharges and of selling jobs by foremen and superintendents were told by the miners as belonging to the period before the plan was introduced.

Have all these improvements been due to the representation plan? There is little evidence to prove that they came through the activity of the men's elected representatives. Their impetus grew rather from the direct interest taken by Mr. Rockefeller in his Colorado properties after the strike of 1913-1914 with its revelations of outstanding evils and abuses.

One of the main objectives of the plan, in Mr. Rockefeller's words, is to provide an "efficient method whereby the petty frictions of daily work might be dealt with promptly and justly. . . ." Has the plan offered the workers such a method? Although old abuses by foremen and superintendents have been eliminated there still remain those daily grievances common to most industrial establishments, such as, in the coal mines, payment for dead work and the assignment of empty cars; and, in the steel works, questions of transfers, discharges, promotions, and similar rates of pay for similar work. These the miners and steel workers are reluctant to take up for adjustment under the plan, for the plan does not indeed guarantee the workers security in their jobs. For the person reviewing any suspension or discharge is an employee of the company working often under the very foreman whose action he challenges. "Under the Rockefeller Plan," said one of the representatives, "I am like a general without an army. The company has all the power. It controls the job. I have no power whatever, because there is no organization of workers behind me."

The plan accepts for the miners the eight-hour day fixed by law. The steel workers, however, won the eight-hour day through their representatives five years before it was introduced into the industry as a whole. Under the representation plan the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company agrees that the hours of work in its steel works shall be no less favorable than those of its competitors. In the fall of 1918 the United States Steel Corporation introduced the basic eight-hour day. This meant that its employees continued to work twelve hours but were paid for fourteen hours —in other words, they received an increase in wages of 16 2/3 per cent. When the Colorado management proposed this scheme to its representatives, they rejected it. They asked, instead, for the actual eight-hour day, and so eager were they for this shorter work-day that they took with it a wage increase of only 10 per cent as compared with the 16 2/3 per cent granted by the Steel Corporation.

This effort to secure the eight-hour day in 1918 is probably the most striking example of workers' initiative displayed under the plan. It reveals the possibilities of an employee-representation plan even when limited to a single company. It occurred, however, soon after the American Federation of Labor had started its campaign to organize steel workers for the coming national strike, one of the chief objectives of which was the abolition of the twelve-hour shift.

The Rockefeller Plan carries no assurance to the Colorado workers that they will earn an adequate wage. Under it the company undertakes simply to accept the standards of its competitors for determining its own wages. In practice this means, in the company's coal mines, the acceptance of the wage rates adopted periodically by the operators of the central competitive coal field after negotiation with the United Mine Workers of America. The miners are keenly aware that their wage standard is protected by the union. "It is the union that is in the trenches fighting our battles for us," said one employee representative, "and we are the royal stand-backs."

In the steel works the company follows the standards of the United States Steel Corporation, increasing or decreasing wages as this corporation does. Since the steel market is national, a single steel company cannot, other things being equal, pay higher wages than its competitors. Consequently, even by making fullest possible use of the plan, the steel workers have been able only so to adjust their wages that they will receive the same pay for jobs which entail the same amount of work within the mill and approximately the same rates as those paid by the Steel Corporation. Through their initiative the management has at three different times sent joint committees of company officials and employee representatives to Eastern mills to investigate rates paid there and to make such revisions as were necessary in the Pueblo rates.

As compared with the Steel Corporation, where the workers have no voice whatever in the determination of wages, the Colorado men have been accorded a significant participation. Yet, because steel workers have no organization in the industry as a whole, even this participation does not enable the Colorado workers to rise above the wage level set by the Steel Corporation. The Pueblo men made this fact the chief explanation of their response to the national strike call of 1919 when they walked out almost to a man. They had secured through the Rockefeller Plan the eight-hour day and other conditions demanded nationally by the steel workers; but 30 per cent of them at the time earned as little as $3.68 a day. Their experience had taught them that they could not raise and permanently protect their wage standard unless the scope of their representation was broadened to include the entire national market in which their employer had to compete.

The Colorado miners, on the other hand, realize that they have already achieved a system of national representation through the United Mine Workers, by whose standards the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company has for years been setting its wage rates. Yet the place accorded to the union in the plan is embodied in the statement that "There shall be no discrimination . . . on account of membership or non-membership in any society, fraternity, or union." This represents a distinct advance over the days before the plan, when mere membership in unions subjected miners to constant discrimination. But the company fails to realize that mere right to membership has no large significance for the miners in the long run unless they and their employer actually participate in the negotiations between the union and operators which establish standards of wages and working conditions for the country as a whole.

On the other hand, these miners are very critical of the officials of the union. The miners' union in Colorado has a record of factionalism which has disillusioned many workers. Again, some of them feel that it is impossible at

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present to win from the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company the standard union agreement with the check-off and other provisions found in organized districts, upon which the union officials are insisting. In spite of these criticisms the union has a strong hold on the men and it is to this organization that they look for protection. The strength of this hold may be seen by the fact that, since the Rockefeller Plan has been in operation, the miners have participated in the two national strikes called by the United Mine Workers in 1919 and 1922, and would have struck for union recognition of their own accord in 1917 had not national officials at Indianapolis, prompted by the country's need for coal in the World War, forbidden such a strike. Nevertheless, the fact remains that between the inflexible demands of these officials for a 100 per cent union contract and the inflexible refusal of company officials to deal with the union at all, it is the miners who suffer—suffer in strikes and in the frequent antagonism between active union employees and local superintendents and foremen.

Thus ten years of the Rockefeller Plan leave the human challenge of the Colorado miners with John L. Lewis and his associates in the United Mine Workers of America and John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his associates in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Will they show that cooperation and statesmanship necessary to work out a new labor policy based on the real needs of the workers? Will they blaze a path for a reconciliation between the local employees' representation plan and the nationally organized labor movement? Will Mr. Rockefeller realize his cherished hope to make his plan a "medium through which the always changing conditions of industry may be from time to time more closely adapted to the needs, desires, and the aspirations of men"?

Burrowing in the Budget

(The Nation's *Weekly Washington Letter*)

By WILLIAM HARD

V

THE problem is: What, really, will drivingly and drastically reduce our national expenditures?

In previous articles an effort was made to bring this problem down to its true narrow limits. It was pointed out that our true taxation levy upon our population during the next fiscal year will not in fact be the apparent superficial total of $4,300,000,000. Deducting the amounts to be gained from the services rendered by the Post Office Department to postal users, and deducting the amounts to be gained from our foreign governmental debtors and from other non-taxation sources, we found that our actual net income federally from straight taxation would be not $4,300,000,000 but only $3,150,000,000, in round figures.

We further found that the number of federal employees on our federal pay roll might be indeed the terrible total of approximately 1,500,000, but that, when our pensioners are deducted and when our ex-employees living on retirement allowances are deducted and when our war and navy employees are deducted, and so on, the really net total of federal employees among whom reductions of the staff could really under present laws be drastically effected amount to not more than 177,885.

The question then becomes: What chance is there of reducing this number?

This writer ventures to say that the chance is not enormous. He bases his conclusion upon many evidences, and—among them—the behavior of the present Congress in the matter of what is called "deficiency appropriations."

A deficiency appropriation is one which is made after the "regular" appropriation bills have more or less gone through and when the departments and bureaus and commissions and boards and other governmental institutions come forward with what they need additionally for the year's work.

The regular appropriation bills for this fiscal year, which ends on June 30 next, were all of them passed approximately a year ago. Now, however, our governmental enterprises come forward with estimates and demands for what they need during the remainder of this year; and three bills have been passed recognizing their necessities.

Among the items for which money has thus been appropriated by the Congress at this time, the following may be noted as illustrations of the fact that certain federal activities do not decline and that certain other federal activities not only do not decline but mount and wax:

We must now complete the frieze in the rotunda of the Capitol at a cost of $5,000 for the rest of this fiscal year.

We have to have another sergeant of police at the White House at a salary of $2,400 a year. We have to have five more privates of police there at annual salaries of $2,100 apiece. Life becomes more complicated, even in the White House, and demands more police support.

We have to extend vocational education—federal vocational education—to Hawaii. We have to hold Hawaii. Holding it, we must treat it as paternally as we treat our sovereign States. They get subsidies from us for vocational education. So must Hawaii. That then costs us, in this fiscal year, an additional sum of $35,000.

We also analogously must extend maternity protection to Hawaii. Are there not mothers in Hawaii? Shall they not be assisted in the bearing and rearing of their offspring equally with mothers in the sovereign State of Maine? Most assuredly. So that will cost us an additional $12,079.96 during the remainder of this fiscal year.

Then there are studies of the problem of vocational rehabilitation in general. We must federally study how to rehabilitate people who have been injured and impaired. We must study how to bring them back to their full powers. We must study it in our cities and in our counties and in our States. We must study it locally and regionally. We must also study it federally and nationally. To do so will cost us, in the remainder of this fiscal year, under our deficiency appropriation bills, the sum of $75,000.

We must also extend our federal rehabilitation methods from the wounded of our wars to the wounded of our industries. We must have not only military rehabilitation but industrial rehabilitation. There are compelling—or, at any rate, persuasive—arguments for it. The cost of those arguments for the remainder of this fiscal year, from the "deficiency" standpoint, will be $834,000.

We must eradicate the cocoanut scale on the island of Guam. We are responsible for the welfare of the island of Guam. The island of Guam might be attacked by the Japanese and is now attacked by the cocoanut scale. We must defend it from the cocoanut scale. To do so—during the rest of this fiscal year—will cost us $8,000.

We have to join this new modern international Inter-Parliamentary Union: $50,000. We have to go to modern international conferences on narcotics: $35,000. We have

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to belong now to the International Statistical Institute: $2,000. We have to impose upon our State Department new immigration duties regarding our new immigration laws: $500,000. We have to have national parks, and so we have to have improvements in our national parks: $1,000,000. We have to call upon the federal government, in addition to calling upon all our local governments, to fight new outbreaks of the foot-and-mouth disease and of contagious pleuro-pneumonia: $3,500,000.

Calvin Coolidge signs all these things without murmur. They are in the stream of the times. They are irresistible.

The general conclusion of this writer is: On the civilian side of those federal expenditures of ours which could theoretically be controlled and reduced there is going to be no control or reduction which will net the taxpayer any average taxation reduction worth mentioning.

His reductions are going to come from the inevitable gradual diminishment of the financial consequences of past military operations—as, for instance, in the cost of interest on the public debt and in the cost (ultimately) of the bonus to ex-soldiers.

The only spot in our current public budget where great reductions could be made is in the current cost of the army and navy. This is forbidden by national-defense sentiment. Meanwhile reductions in civilian expenditures are forbidden generally by reformist humanitarian bureaucratic socialistic sentiment.

So there we shall stick! See if it is not so.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter got a brief but pleasant shiver out of the announcement of Robert Reidt, Long Island prophet, that the world was coming to an end and that some 140,000 purified persons would light on Jupiter sometime early on a Saturday morning, en route to Heaven. He was a bit upset when he noted the prophet's complimentary attitude toward San Diego and his confidence that it was the place of ascension, for he feared this might be only one more example of California propaganda—the Drifter has had some horrible experiences with Native Sons. But he was pleasantly disturbed in spite of San Diego; in the face of bold statements such as prophets make, the Drifter's imagination can send science glimmering, and all the petty knowledge and faith of men.

* * * * *

IT was a disappointment when it didn't happen. But the Drifter found solace in recalling other predictions of a similar nature that have provided terror and thrills all through history. There was the case of Mr. Miller, in the thirties of the nineteenth century. By devious means he arrived at a date when the world should end and the pure only be snatched up to heaven. He was a good propagandist because he actually believed what he preached—and thousands of people all over the United States caught the fever. Homes were abandoned by men and women with sad, fanatical eyes; dry-goods-store windows were filled with white material out of which the "ascension robes" decreed by the prophet could be fashioned—storekeepers piously supplying the need at prices worthy of the great event; and great bands of the "saved" gathered on various hill-tops on the appointed night, shivering in their heaven-ordered garments. As it happened, Mr. Miller's show wasn't so bad. In his locality a terrible storm, the worst in years, and various meteoric displays appeared upon the scene in an accommodating manner. Only the end of the world was missing.

* * * * *

THEN there were the Zulus in South Africa in the period of British conquest. This case was slightly different. Their priests conceived the idea that on a certain day all their enemies—the British—would be destroyed, and that the Zulus would inherit their goods. Crops went unplanted, and other sustaining activities were abandoned. The inevitable result was a terrible famine, mitigated only by the relief sent in by the British—a procedure which has ever since been cited as an example of the beneficence of imperialism. And it was only a couple of years ago that a woman with flowing hair, mounted on a bedraggled white horse, went riding through a countryside in Finland, predicting the end of the world and calling upon the people to cease their labors. This behest had a double appeal—to religious fervor and the human inclination to rest—and the Finnish Cassandra had acquired a good many followers before the police curtailed her activities, and saved the crops.

* * * * *

AND yet the world goes tottering on. The Drifter thinks it will probably totter on a good while longer. But, on the other hand, worlds end and worlds begin much oftener than the Reidts or Millers dream.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"Parties Perforce"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My usual admiration of your political acumen and capacity for saying what you mean in unambiguous fashion has been temporarily qualified by certain paragraphs in your editorial entitled A Party Perforce. You tell us: "If the new party is organized it will be by individuals rather than groups. . . . There will be, we take it, no effort to organize an *exclusive* labor party. . . . The day of the organization of a labor party as such is far off. That fact contains no discouragement for liberals." (Italics mine.)

Now a *labor party* and *an exclusive labor party* are two different things. No one has ever proposed an exclusive labor party in America without individual members. We need them. Especially do we need support from the farmers. The real question is the place of groups in a new party. If you are right that we can expect no group support from labor unions—not even locals—or farmers' organizations, you are wrong in finding no discouragement in that fact. With all due respect for the men and women who as individuals have made up the Committee of Forty-eight I cannot easily picture a successful or virile new party made up along their lines. A party of miscellaneous reforms and reformers with no roots in any organized economic movement, having the help of no organizations behind it, will never get under decent headway. It will not have the strength of the old Populists and will vanish even sooner in the same sort of compromises and political deals which disposed of the Populists and the 1912 Progressives.

The one thing that might avert such a fate you seem to deny to your party of individuals. It may have "a sound economic program" to appeal to "free and unfettered workmen" but not apparently a "philosophy," the possession of which dooms the Socialists. Just how will you get a sound economic program without a philosophy? Perhaps all you mean is that you do not approve the Socialist philosophy even though you approve Socialistic measures "because economic compulsion is

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taking us in that direction"—a fact which is a cardinal point in much Socialist philosophy. Perhaps what you mean is that you do not want a party too deeply immersed in abstractions. In that direction danger lies. But the notion that you ever will get a new political party without a philosophy (or a paramount issue which like the slavery issue has a philosophy behind it) is a typical "liberal" delusion. Emphatically there is a philosophy—almost a religion—behind the cult of private property managed for profit, for which both the old parties stand. The chief weakness of the Progressive campaign was its failure to state an opposing or modifying philosophy. We had separate reforms urged upon us. We were never shown how these reforms were related as fingers to the hand.

I think that any new party philosophy must necessarily be Socialistic even if it avoids the terminology and modifies some of the dogmas of orthodox Marxianism. But I am content to let "liberals" state their philosophy their own way. Only they must not confine themselves to negatives like "We are without any desire to sponsor Socialism as such." What are you sponsoring big enough to jolt men out of accepted habits of thought and action? Sound criticism and righteous condemnation are not enough. What are your organizing ideas? Until liberals make them clearer there will be some grounds for unjust gibes at "parlor pinks" without "constructive" policy.

New York, February 13 NORMAN THOMAS

Appreciative Readers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your late subscriber and our friend, Frank Trevitts, was found dead in his cabin last December 2. As he was a bachelor and lived alone, no one knows when he died. He was a fine, intelligent man of large experience, having been a trick rider with Barnum's circus in his younger days. As he always turned *The Nation* over to us after he was through, we established the habit of looking forward to its arrival. Now we feel almost as if cut off from the world, and having enough left over after paying the taxes, we feel that it could not be put to better use than for a subscription.

Alamo, California, January 22 MRS. JOHN OGDEN

The Negro's Future

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The first shipload of Negro slaves landed at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1619. At emancipation, in 1863, there were 4,000,000. There are now 10,400,000. Negroes constitute, then, about a tenth of the total population of the United States; they receive less than 2 per cent of the billion dollars annually spent here for education. Of $875,000,000 spent annually on public schools, only a little more than 1 per cent is expended for Negroes.

In the three counties of Gloucester, Brunswick, and Averett, before 1880, land was worth only from $2 to $5 per acre because it had been so exhausted by unscientific, one-crop plantation methods that it would not bring returns on any higher valuation. Under this plantation system, Negroes were discouraged and generally prevented from owning land. Their most favorable status was that of "crop-mortgage" tenant—a type of peonage—and it scaled down from this to an almost savage existence by hunting and fishing.

Between 1880 and 1882 three graduates of Hampton Institute—T. C. Walker, James S. Russell, and George D. Wharton—went to the counties of Gloucester, Brunswick, and Averett, respectively. Today 90 per cent of the Negroes of Gloucester, 70 per cent of the very large Negro population of Brunswick, and all the Negroes of Averett live on land which they own or are in process of owning. The total in the three communities is 93,806 acres—now worth from $20 to $70 per acre. Homes, churches, and schools have kept pace with this economic progress, the latter in many cases patterned after the best type of rural school yet devised. Gloucester county, with its seven two-room schools, four four-room schools, and one seven-room school, in addition to its county training and farm demonstration school, represents what is perhaps the high-water mark for Negro rural education in America. But more significant than all other facts as to the degree of Negro progress in these counties is the attitude toward the Negroes of their white neighbors. Again and again one can read in leading periodicals: "There is no race problem in our county. . . . The colored people and white people of this county live on terms of mutual respect and cooperation."

Why the transformation? It may, in all fairness, be laid entirely at the doors of the three pioneers who, between 1880 and 1882, invaded the so-called "black belt" of southern Virginia. Under their auspices Hampton ideas have been inculcated—first, land ownership, as the basis of their program, with the thought that better homes and better living will develop that self-respect which commands the respect of others; second, improved farming methods, crop rotation, and scientific soil building, market gardening, the management of live stock, poultry husbandry, and special training in home economics for the women—care of children, home nursing, and nutrition, as well as cooking, laundry work, and sewing. Hampton and Tuskegee institutes aim to provide sound vocational training for young colored men and women that they may be thoroughly equipped for active leadership, serving as centers of influence in encouraging a new kind of life about them. It costs $125 a year, besides what he can earn, to educate a young Negro boy today for such leadership. Five hundred dollars will pay for four years of such an education. These graduates have proved their fiber—every one of them—in scattered communities from Virginia to Texas. But their demonstrations must be multiplied from Texas back to Virginia—and on into the North, wherever inter-racial contact raises the race problem. The Hampton-Tuskegee Endowment Fund (5 Maiden Lane, New York City), is endeavoring to help them do that.

New York, February 3 CLARENCE H. KELSEY

Voting Directly for President

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There is now before the Massachusetts Senate, by petition, a bill to establish in Massachusetts direct voting for President and Vice-President of the United States. It is a less complicated application of the same principle by which the people of Nebraska, in 1920 and 1924, as I understand, cast their votes for President without having any names of Presidential electors on the ballot. The plan is that votes cast for candidates for President and Vice-President shall have the effect of electing the electors nominated on the ticket with these candidates. Aside from the advantage of simplifying the ballot, this would make it possible to split a vote between President and Vice-President, and would thus give politicians a motive for nominating for Vice-President a man strong enough to run on his own merits. That the President and Vice-President should be of opposite parties is not desirable; that the possibility of such a thing should drive conventions to nominate competent men for Vice-President is desirable enough to offset the disadvantage of once in a great while electing men of opposite parties. The Nebraska law is so drawn as not to have this advantage.

Two years ago a Massachusetts committee rejected such a bill on the ground that the public showed no interest. Your Massachusetts readers can affect the fortunes of the present bill by letting State senators and representatives hear from them.

Ballard Vale, Mass., February 5 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

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Books and Plays

First Glance

READERS who must take their Greek and Roman literature in English have never had a better reason for blessing the Loeb Classical Library than they have now that B. B. Rogers's famous translation of Aristophanes has been secured for that series (Putnam: 3 vols., each $2.50). The translation hitherto has been as expensive as it was indispensable—being indeed the only reasonably complete version of the plays available in other than a privately printed edition, but running into so many volumes that most persons were never able to possess it all. Rogers's introductions and appendices will be missed in the new edition, and so will most of his rich notes; but the brilliant text is here, and henceforth there will be no excuse for ignorance of the obscene and beautiful poet who hated Socrates, Euripides, and Cleon in one breath. The first volume of A. T. Murray's "Iliad," following hard upon the same translator's "Odyssey" in the Loeb Library, renders twelve books of the poem in prose which is excellently suited to the series but which in no way competes with that of Lang, Leaf, and Myers. My habit is to test a new "Iliad" by its treatment of three passages: the end of Book I, where Hephaestus limps among the gods and pours sweet nectar from his bowl; the end of Book VIII, where the Trojan horses champ white barley in the light of a thousand fires; and those lines in Book X which tell how Odysseus and Diomedes heard but did not see the heron that sped them on their night-expedition to the Trojan camp. In all these places Mr. Murray is sound and good but uninspired; I thought of Leaf, Lang, Dryden, Bryant, Arnold, and even Homer. Substantially the same things may be said of W. H. D. Rouse's prose Lucretius, which if clearer than Munro's in the same medium is not so interesting, and which altogether lacks the nobility achieved by William Ellery Leonard through his use of verse. Mr. Leonard's translation, available now in Everyman's Library, might have been mentioned in the bibliography.

It would be hard to conceive a more agreeable introduction to the classics than the one prepared by George Howe and Gustave Adolphus Harrer in two large, light volumes entitled "Greek Literature in Translation" and "Roman Literature in Translation" (Harper: $4 each). In what would ordinarily be twenty-five hundred pages of print the editors manage to include sizable specimens from eighty-odd poets, dramatists, philosophers, satirists, and historians; and the arrangement is such that the sweep of both political and literary development is powerfully felt. The chronological divisions are large and simple and intelligently made. The very readable translations are chosen from a wide field extending from Milton and Dryden to the Loeb Library and the Fowler Lucian. The critical apparatus is modestly reduced to a minimum. And the books are built to lie open on the hand at any page.

The volumes already published in the valuable series called Our Debt to Greece and Rome (Boston: Marshall Jones; $1.50 each) have varied so greatly both in quality and in plan that one wonders if the editors are exercising enough supervision. Three recent volumes differ from one another as much as three members of a series could. David M. Robinson's "Sappho and Her Influence," after a rather florid beginning designed to vindicate the virtue of the poetess, degenerates into a running bibliography, learned but unlovely, of works in literature and art which have been influenced by her genius. Jane Ellen Harrison's "Mythology" is an expert and exciting monograph on Greek psychology as it operated to purge the religious emotions of fear by representing them in beautiful images which we now call gods. The author's name distinguishes the series; but her text is necessarily so brief as to be—outside of a few swift and brilliant suggestions—relatively barren. Walton Brooks McDaniel's "Roman Private Life and Its Survivals" probably comes nearest of the three to the form originally hoped for by the editors. Mr. McDaniel, writing suavely and with a wit which only now and then becomes professorial facetiousness, gives a pleasantly rounded account of routine life in ancient Rome, and whenever possible points to modern parallels.

MARK VAN DOREN

International Law

International Law and Some Current Illusions, and Other Essays. By John Bassett Moore. Macmillan and Company. $4.

International Law. By Charles G. Fenwick. The Century Company. $4.

JUDGE MOORE has in the first of the volumes above named undertaken "to contribute something toward the restoration of that sanity of thinking and legal and historical perspective which the recent so-called World War has so seriously disturbed." He has succeeded. Probably in few periods of history have so many illusions and misconceptions, in part purveyed by a well-organized propaganda, gained currency and affected the lives and fortunes of men and nations as during the last decade. To shatter some of these illusions, prevalent in the field of international law and relations, has been the author's endeavor.

The volume consists of nine essays, some new, others published on various occasions, but now in some instances revised or supplemented. They represent a synthesis of the author's philosophy. Nurtured in the distinctive traditions of American history and diplomacy, he could not but regard the late war and our participation in it with a certain sagacious anxiety and objectivity, and with critical judgment watch the nation impulsively and unwittingly surrender to the domination of slogans which were at variance with fundamental principles and which bore but little relation to realities. Among others, many students of international law have been swept off their feet, and, grasping a ready pen, have apparently been misled into believing, as the author says, "that the international law of the future is to be found in the infringement of its rules committed under the stress of war." It is to these men, and through them to the public at large, that the author, the Nestor of international law, addresses these words of wisdom in order to restore in the world a respect for history, perspective, and law, and what may be called demonstrated common sense. His views cannot but exert a powerful influence.

The essays cover a wide range and exemplify the author's versatility and profundity. In those dealing with international law proper, Judge Moore challenges particularly the recently purveyed conceptions that the fundamental and vital distinction between combatants and non-combatants has ceased to have validity and that the tiller of the soil and other productive workers may be considered as combatants. He wars against the subversive notion that the time-honored distinction between enemy private and enemy public property is no longer to be regarded as fundamental and that private property may be confiscated or used for the discharge of a public indebtedness or as a measure of reprisal for public national offenses. His opinion

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and argument on this subject have just received striking support in a resolution of the International Law Association to the effect that "the revived practice of warring states by which they confiscate the available private property of alien citizens is a relic of barbarism, worthy of the most severe condemnation." Judge Moore challenges the suggestion that the reason for the distinction between goods absolutely and goods conditionally contraband has ceased to exist, and points out that the measures of so-called "blockade" adopted by the British Government in the late war were justified by Great Britain not as lawful but as "exceptional." He points out that the rules of contraband and blockade are the outgrowth not of logic but of a compromise between two conflicting and irreconcilable claims—that of the belligerent to stop all commerce with his enemy and that of the neutral to continue freely to trade with the belligerents.

The conference in 1922 for the drafting of Rules of Warfare on Aircraft and Radio, of which Judge Moore was the president, is the subject matter of the fifth essay. In the sixth essay, on Law and Organization, the author discusses the alleged differences between municipal and international law, and the polemics engendered by these differences, based on varied conceptions of the term "law." Here will be found some profound comments upon the League of Nations, "the war to end war," "peace through victory," the balance of power, "sanctions," and other slogans and devices. In the Passion for Uniformity he draws on history to teach the folly of intolerance and discusses certain suggestions for law reform in the United States; proposals which largely stimulated the work of the American Law Institute. In his Suggestions for a School of Jurisprudence, first printed in 1915, Judge Moore advocated a more intensive study of comparative law, a suggestion which has already borne fruit in some of our law schools. The essay on Relativity represents in a sense a consummation of the author's philosophy, namely, "that all things are relative and that they are to be considered not as isolated facts but in relation to other facts, past and present." Judge Moore draws upon a world of experience to illustrate the conservative and practical importance of his injunction.

The volume discusses large fundamental questions with simplicity, learning, serenity, and wit. The essays exemplify the busy life and thinking of their distinguished author; read comprehendingly, they cannot fail to achieve the author's object of helping to restore sanity of thinking and a legal and historical perspective to a shell-shocked world.

Mr. Fenwick's work is a college textbook on international law and is necessarily bound by the limitations of its purpose. Its approach is dogmatic, yet it is careful to point out many doubtful and unsettled matters. It is not especially critical, but considerations of space doubtless forbade more than an exposition of the prevailing system of international relations. The work was manifestly done with great conscientiousness. The author has perceived that the discussion of the question of how far international law is law depends on the meaning ascribed to the term "law." But in discussing the relation between sovereignty and international law, it is not believed correct to say that international law consists of "self-imposed obligations"; on the contrary, the bulk of the rules of international law do not rest upon consent at all, but must be admitted and observed by every state independently of all agreement. The duty resting upon every state to conform its municipal law to its international obligations, contractual and extra-contractual, would seem to demonstrate this fact. The enforcing machinery may sometimes be defective; but of the legal obligation, as declared by custom, treaty, or international tribunal, there is not often as much doubt as is sometimes assumed. Mr. Fenwick's volume is written clearly, with a good background in history and political science. The author appreciates the pitfalls of his topics, and the book is evidence of a good sense of proportion. As a post-war work it is remarkably free from the prejudice which has characterized so much literature on international law.

EDWIN BORCHARD

Undermining Romance

The Southern Plantation: A Study in the Development and the Accuracy of a Tradition. By Francis Pendleton Gaines. Columbia University Press. $2.75.

SHOULD this book fall into the hands of a professional Southerner, thin-skinned as a ripe persimmon and sleepy-minded as Brer' Tarrypin in the middle of the Big Road, theatric thunder will rattle in the air and there may be waving of arms and even shaking of fists. In which case the author need not count on taking shelter within the redoubt of his footnotes. The soaring spirit of the sentimentalist is not daunted by such trifling safeguards, as has been demonstrated recently by the sensitive attitude of some Southern readers toward John Wade's scholarly life of Judge Longstreet. On the other hand, there are in Southern colleges many students who combine modern clear-mindedness with a sincere reverence for the best ideals of the Old South, and this class of readers will sooner or later thank Mr. Gaines for his conscientious, unprejudiced study of the plantation tradition.

In the first half of his book the author deals with this tradition as it is found in literature, on the stage, and in popular song from 1832 up to the present time. Much that he records is familiar to the mature Southerner who has had contact with the plantation tradition from childhood, either through tales of the old folk or in romances and short stories which formed a part of his almost daily reading as a youth. But it is likely that even enthusiasts will be surprised at the enormous amount of plantation literature written before Thomas Nelson Page and Joel Chandler Harris. For instance, we are told of a foreigner, Carl Postl, who within a decade after coming to this country (in 1823) produced several works relating to plantation life in Mississippi and Kentucky which had a continental success rivaling that of Scott and Cooper. Postl was only one of many aliens who, two generations ago, wrote voluminously of slavery days in the Southern States.

Of course many writers in this class were Abolitionists whose purpose was stamped more or less emphatically on their pages. In reply to the challenge hosts of native writers took up their pens with heated enthusiasm. The year of the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" saw six pro-slavery novels brought out in the North, and in the following year a good many more appeared. During this period the subject also found illustrations in cartoons, in real or supposititious slave autobiographies, and in travel books, notably those of Fanny Kemble and Frederick Olmsted. This extensive account of the rooting of the plantation tradition in American literature is perhaps the most interesting part of Mr. Gaines's book. Among the later, better-known delineators of plantation life the author pays special tribute to Joel Chandler Harris, Thomas Nelson Page, Harry Stillwell Edwards, Kate Chopin, and Grace King. In connection with Harris he makes a point which is worthy of note. "He knew the plantation from end to end," says Mr. Gaines, and depicted it "with a completeness of understanding not equaled by any other writer."

In the second half Mr. Gaines compares tradition with truth, coming to the conclusion that the difference arose mainly from romantic exaggeration of certain pleasant and beneficent qualities in plantation life. There were indeed a number of lovely colonial mansions and extensive estates in the Old South, but the entire landscape below Washington was not filled with them. The Southern gentleman was certainly in many cases a man of cultivation, charming manners, high sense of honor, and genuine kindliness toward his retainers; but the vices of unchastity and intemperance were not dwelt upon in Southern fiction and little reference was ever made to other types than that represented by "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." This favorite model, the author claims, was "notably untrue to the great mass of small planters and farmers who made up the bulk of Southern society"; and he pays this latter class a compliment when he continues: "Sober, industrious men, who

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fought the Revolution and championed what they considered the principles on which the contest was waged—what have they to do with that class of gay birds of aristocratic plumage, that 'generous, fox-hunting, wine-drinking, dueling, and reckless race' of Carruthers and his myth-makers?" Concerning the high character, personal charm, and tireless industry of the plantation mistress, the author thinks there has been little exaggeration in popular fiction.

All this is interesting and, in its nature, valuable, but the question occurs to the critic, in the midst of admiration for the author's fairness and exactitude: Is this the kind of measure to apply to fiction? Is it advisable to approach a literary tradition admittedly romantic from the Gradgrindian angle? The function of the novelist is, of course, selective, and in a period of American literature which was as far removed as possible from the realistic (a fact which all sophisticated readers of today know) would it have been possible for the novelist or short-story writer to handle the plantation tradition in any other than the romantic spirit? What would our mothers and grandmothers have thought of stories of plantation life—or of any other life, for that matter—done in the "Main Street" manner or after the model, say, of Dreiser and Masters? It is safe to hazard that they would have used them as kindling for their huge hickory fires, while the poor authors, if they escaped the Ku Klux in one community or the village elders in another, would have had to take to selling goods over the counter.

JULIA COLLIER HARRIS

Art as Intelligence

The Aesthetic Experience. By Laurence Buermeyer. Merion, Pa.: The Barnes Foundation. $1.50.

FOR the general public "art" is the name for a depressing and unintelligible sacrament performed for highbrows in concert halls, displayed for them in galleries, or bound for them in limited editions of thin volumes of verse. It is what one goes to see in Europe or what one reads in America out of a sense of cultural duty. It is found in long, boring evenings in little theaters or skipped in long, boring articles in little reviews. It is an esoteric ecstasy reserved—happily—for members of a melancholy privileged class.

Mr. Buermeyer's book aims to rescue art from the flavor of Bohemia, of auction-rooms and the nineties. It is a wise and compact little contribution to an understanding of the part the fine arts play in human experience, the human impulses out of which they arise, and the conditions that make for their full enjoyment and appreciation. The book makes—and has—few claims to originality. It is not showy, nor is it, even in a quiet sense, brilliant. Frequently it lapses into technical lingo and polemic that reveal the training of the metaphysician rather than the absorption of the connoisseur. Its prose is not winged. But one finishes the book with the net feeling of having read more solid sense about the meaning of art than has been borne by any other latter-day argosy on the current wild seas of aesthetic theory.

Mr. Buermeyer is interested primarily in tracing the sources of the aesthetic experience back into that chaos of impulses and materials which form the source and substance of all goods and of all arts. He indicates the process of transformation by which "instinct and emotion are leavened, clarified, and liberated." He shows how they are transformed into a stable and objective serenity in the arts of color, words, and sound, and in the major art of life.

Mr. Buermeyer's minimal hypothesis is the identity of art and intelligence, and for this hypothesis he makes a very good case. In the fine arts he finds those activities in which intelligence is most completely realized. Occasionally in life, in successful loves or friendship or mechanisms that fulfil their functions, the random fevers of instinct find an objective, impersonal, and consistent fulfilment. But in practical affairs even successes are partial; many human interests are excluded in the interests of the satisfaction of some. The architect who is planning a school out of steel and stone cannot freely build a pleasure dome for angels along the specifications of his unfettered dreams. An intelligent ordering of life may turn existence into something like coherent music, where no action is futile and no feeling vain. But in successes in the fine arts no material is random, no form is valueless, no moment is disjointed. Matter has become the material embodiment of reason. In such coherences and perfections we have a hint of what life moves toward, and a hint, also, as to why we enjoy the fine arts.

A good part of Mr. Buermeyer's book is thus occupied in what may be called a survey of the intelligible beauty of the fine arts, or an analysis of the beauty of the intelligence there displayed. The artist, for example, expresses in a clarified essence what in experience is chaotic or hidden. One observer remarked after seeing Cézanne's picture of a tree that he had the sense of seeing the essence of a tree for the first time. In the story of Paolo and Francesca as Dante gives it, "the point of the story is to give along with the glamor, the poignancy, the intensity of the original impulse, the sense of its essential meaning and inevitable end." The artist as creator is not inventing out of whole cloth an unimaginable world. Each original artist is creating, or finding, some form which extracts a value implicit in human impulse, some hitherto unexploited or neglected susceptibility of sense, of emotion, or of thought. Mr. Buermeyer in a singularly telling summary illustrates his point by reference to the color of Delacroix, the line of Ingres and of David, the formal power of Daumier, and the fusion of color, line, and solidity in Renoir. Mr. Buermeyer points out finally that the artist is a creator in the sense of dictating through the persuasion of his invented forms the forms that life itself shall take. How much of romantic love is a bequest or a prescription of art to life! How much of religion and patriotism is a modeling given to experience through the seductive symbols of art! "The artist in expressing his own feelings sets the fashion for others. . . . And the term artist is not to be restricted to Michelangelo and Shakespeare and Dante and their like; it includes all those, unnamed perhaps, in history who have found expression for their unique and individual vision, and so added it to the world's heritage."

Mr. Buermeyer believes that art is intelligence. He sees, therefore, the difference between art which is a constructive activity and art which is a refuge and a drug. Hence the identity of art and morality in various levels and scopes of materials, in shaping life nearer to the heart's desire. He sees in religion chiefly the mystical sense of union with a life not our own. Just such a sense of complete living absorption in light and color or in sound characterizes the great moments in our experience of music or of painting. He sees in "difficult" beauty merely a heightened and more precise perception, a perception involving a radical revision of conventional impressions, and consequently demanding training.

It is because Mr. Buermeyer sees in art that ideality which is the goal of morals, of religion, and of society that he becomes at the close a passionate and justly passionate sociologist. He pleads that only in a truly democratic society will that "distinction of experience which is the privilege of the fortunate connoisseur become a possibility for the many." He knows, too, that an art that draws its inspiration from the broad sources of human interests will be a more robust and engrossing thing than those sickly little titillations invented and doted upon by the denizens of the Ivory Tower.

It is a sage little book, crowded with many layers of meaning for those who are acquainted with its many accurate but brief allusions. It is offered as part of a general educational program of a foundation that believes an education in the arts is possible, and that without it there is no education.

IRWIN EDMAN

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Rome Unvisited

Messalina. By Vivian Crockett. Boni and Liveright. $3.50.

THE exterior of this volume is prepossessing. Its contents, however, do not merit so handsome a dress; for, considered as fiction or as a presentation of Roman life in the reigns of Caligula and Claudius, the matter here printed is beneath contempt. There is no story—only a series of infinitely improbable, unreal, and unconvincing scenes in which puppet characters, devoid of characterization, individuality, or life, utter stilted sentences and act without colorable motives. There is no plot, no sequence of events, no development of character, no clash of wills. Only a very peculiar mentality could mishandle the sinister and intriguing fragmentary records of Messalina's shocking demoralization and horrifying downfall so as to produce a tale as mawkish and paltry as this. The setting forth of Messalina's vagaries, vices, and crimes is subordinated to a farcical adumbration of the vapid love of an impossible slave girl for an impossible officer of the imperial guards. Everything is stagy. Only in the crudest melodramas do human beings talk and act in such a fashion. Nowhere on earth did live human beings ever so speak and behave. In fact, this is just the sort of thing very cleverly satirized by Jerome K. Jerome; the speeches and goings-on in his "Stageland" are not further from the genuine talk and behavior of English and Americans in 1890 than are these absurdities from any talk or behavior imaginable in Rome or Antioch between 37 and 49 A.D.

The contents of the book must amaze any trained classicist. One would conjecture that a week's desultory reading would have put anyone with a smattering of education well beyond any danger of perpetrating such blunders. The author may know Latin and Greek, but his fiction gives the impression that he not only knows no Greek but cannot read Latin. He seems to have depended upon translations and to be too poorly versed in Roman history and the lore of Roman manners and customs to grasp the significance of what he has read. Apparently his conception of Roman life has been derived from reading fiction such as "The Last Days of Pompeii," "Hypatia," "Fabiola," "Ben-Hur," and "Quo Vadis"; and he seems to have absorbed most of their authors' many misconceptions, misapprehensions, misunderstandings, misconstructions, misrepresentations, and misstatements, and run a double distillate of them all into his book. Mr. Crockett has misinterpreted every recorded fact of Messalina's career, has distorted the circumstances of her life out of any semblance of verisimilitude, and presents a miscolored travesty of the manners and customs of her time. Everything in this book is grotesque and misleading.

Nowhere is there any hint of the complex organization, gorgeous pomp, and regulated ceremonials of the imperial court, of the hosts of pages, servitors, officials, guards, and functionaries who hovered about the emperor every moment of his life. Claudius, from a state banquet, goes off drunk to bed as if he were a poor tradesman, with only a few slaves, in a small abode.

Numerous and arrant as are the specific blunders with which the book swarms, worse than any, worse than all together, is Mr. Crockett's total failure to realize the atmosphere of life at court and in senatorial and equestrian social circles in the time of the Caesars. Still worse, he has missed the psychological make-up of the Romans, especially as concerns sex. His characters are represented as revolted at what everyone in those days would have taken as matters of course, and as taking as matters of course what would have startled everyone.

Anyone who had read "The Young Visiters" and had taken it for an authoritative and reliable depiction of social conditions in England in 1920 could not be more completely astray than one who reads this book and accepts it. The reviewer has never read anything so ridiculous and so pervertedly pornographic.

EDWARD LUCAS WHITE

Books in Brief

The Tide. By Mildred Cram. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

The heroine is a lazy, not especially interesting girl who is made free and poor by the death of her father and forthwith proceeds to take stock of her legs, her skin, and her physical endowment generally for the purpose of lifting herself out of what she is pleased to call her drab existence. The story is a bit too meteoric to be memorable.

The Street of the Eye. By Gerald Bullett. Boni and Liveright. $2.

Artistic economy distinguishes these stories. They are, it must be admitted, a bit studied, but their excess of sophistication is nicely balanced by their verbal compactness. Mr. Bullett has been unrelenting in his eliminations, and so one gets his people in a few strokes. There is penetration in these short excursions into people's lives, and occasionally a swift dramatic note, particularly in the story called Sleeping Beauty.

Patricia Ellen. By Mary Wiltshire. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

The author of this first novel deserves to be enrolled with the minority of new writers who still believe that the pattern of a story may safely be left to the unfolding of human relationships as a natural growth, without the aid of "forcing" methods derived from her own consciousness.

Drama

Civilization and Adultery

THE adjective "eternal," when applied to describe the human triangle, is generally regarded in popular speech as synonymous with "hackneyed," but it was not in this sense, I think, that it was first applied, and it is not in this sense that it is most true. Feeble dramatists may have made adultery seem trivial, but it remains, potentially at least, the most absorbing of dramatic themes because no other concrete act which a human being can perform awakens so many and such varied emotional reverberations. Many of the older critics have discussed the significant fact that guilty love, because it implies a tempestuous force which sweeps over the innumerable barriers, physical and spiritual, which surround it, must of necessity be passion in its most tremendous aspect; but it is not of this that I am thinking, because to most people of our own day it is the moral and psychological implications of adultery which seem most absorbing. What we have is an act which is definite, definitive, and apparently simple, and yet one which can never be quite grasped or satisfactorily evaluated, partly because every case is a special case and partly because there centers about it a complex of ideas and feelings which have gradually accumulated during the whole course of human history and which, however incompatible one element may be with another, every man must in a measure feel as a whole.

Various stages of civilization have contributed their distinctive elements. To the savage, no doubt, the rage over property violated is uppermost; to the Christian, the sense of mystic sin predominates; and in a feudal society it is the feeling of wounded honor which seems most significant. Finally, in a civilization which is highly intellectualized the rational defense of the adulterer makes its appearance, and the complex, of which no man can shake off even a part, is complete. One may live physically and for the most part intellectually in the twentieth century; but adultery touches deeply hidden chords, and under the emotional stress which even the contemplation of the subject arouses one must live in all centuries at once. However much one may desire to regard the situation from a single point of view, one cannot possibly do so because the philosopher is

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confronted by the savage and the crusader, by the saint and the baron. No clear issue is possible, and the situation is one which must forever remain an emotional dissonance because it involves a complex which can never be resolved by any one system of philosophy or morality. Man has been defined in various ways since he was first called "bipedes et implumentes." He is the animal that laughs, that uses tools or possesses language. Would it be any more fantastic to describe him as the animal that can commit adultery? All the characteristic human attributes and the intangible values created by man—honor and pride, religion and mysticism, romantic love and the sentiment of loyalty—all of these must be assumed to exist before adultery in any true sense can be conceived of as possible.

Mr. Gilbert Emery's triangle-play, "Episode" (Bijou Theater), illustrates once again that any playwright with a modicum of technical skill and a determination to approach the theme with his eye upon contemporary life and thought instead of upon the conventions of the stage cannot fail to produce an absorbing play upon this inexhaustible subject. The defect of his piece lies in the fact that it is, in the traditional sense, too "well made," that though the thought is straightforward and not too greatly simplified, the construction is almost too neat and the dramatic irony sometimes so carefully pointed as to call distracting attention to itself; but the play has the more than compensating virtue of discussing frankly and from various angles the situation upon which it is built.

Before the action begins, the young and rather oversophisticated wife of the middle-aged broker of intelligent but somewhat conventional opinion has had a brief affair with the best friend of her husband. Neither of the two lovers had felt the relationship justifiable or honorable. And it had been brief; both, remaining friends, had hoped that it was buried in the past. Now, as the play begins, the train of circumstances is revealed by which discovery was made, and the reaction of the three chief personages to that discovery is analyzed. We follow with the husband his growing suspicion, experience with him the first shock of knowledge, and accept the crushing inference that he is being daily betrayed and mocked by the wife upon whom he has lavished his wealth and love. Then we share with him his ultimate illumination and follow the process by which the impossible adjustment is approximated as nearly as it may be. Mr. Emery takes no side and preaches no thesis. He conducts an intelligent inquiry and reveals with perfect clarity the emotional impasse to which the situation leads. No matter how intelligent the society or how sophisticated the persons, adultery presents, in most cases, an absolutely indigestible fact. The mind may accept it, the heart cannot.

"Loggerheads" (Cherry Lane Theater) is a rather naive Irish melodrama, old-fashioned but effective up to the last act. "A Good Bad Woman" (Comedy Theater) outdoes all current plays in three directions: none is so violent, so coarse, or so absurd.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

THEATRE AND OTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS

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DR. W. E. B. DuBOIS, Editor *The Crisis*
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SCOTT NEARING — ADMIRAL RODGERS

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Tickets $.50 to 2.00 — *Town Hall* — Rand School 7 E. 15th St.

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International Relations Section

Elections in Jugoslavia

THE Jugloslav election on February 8 increased the tension between Premier Pachich and Stefan Radich, leader of the Croatian Peasant Party. Although the Pachich Government retained a majority of five, the returns show that half of the population is opposed to its policy of extreme centralization of the government in Belgrade. Radich is in prison, and his party candidates were not even included in the official ballots used for polling, yet with all these handicaps his Croatian Peasant Party lost only two seats. The Government gained thirty, mostly in Macedonia. A further account of the background of this election was printed in the International Relations Section for January 28; nothing is settled yet, but even if the entire opposition boycotted Parliament the Government could still carry on as Mussolini has done in Italy. The rapid growth of the Radich opposition is shown by the following summary of past election results, prepared by Mr. Milan Marjanovich, editor of the *Tribuna* (Zagreb):

The general election which took place in Jugoslavia on February 8 was the third since the creation of the Jugoslav state in December, 1918.

While most countries held their elections immediately after the war, in Jugoslavia they were put off till the end of 1920. Up to that time a "Provisional National Assembly" took the place of a regular parliament. The Provisional Assembly was composed of prominent members of all the chief political parties. The parties simply agreed to send so many representatives in accordance with an approximate proportion. The Croatian Peasant Party did not take an important part in the Provisional Assembly because it was allowed only two members; at present it has 68 members.

The first regular elections for the Constituent Assembly took place on November 28, 1920. There were 2,480,000 electors and 1,607,000 voted, i. e., 64.95 per cent. Of the 22 political parties which presented candidates 16 had representatives elected to Parliament. These elections were held in accordance with the pre-war census of 1910.

In all there were 419 members of Parliament elected:

	Members	Votes
Democrats (Davidovich)	92	319,448
Radicals (Nik. Pachich)	91	284,575
Croatian Peasants (Radich)	50	230,590
Communists	58	198,763
Agrarians	39	151,603
Slovene Catholics	27	111,274
Bosnian Mohammedans	24	110,895
Scattering	38	.....

The Government and the leaders of the Radical and the Democratic parties held the view that the Constituent Assembly had no right to discuss the form of government, whether the country should become a monarchy or a republic, and that all members of the Assembly must take oath to the king before they began to discuss the constitution.

Because of this declaration of the governmental parties the Croatian Peasant Party, with Stefan Radich as its leader, refused to attend the sessions of the Constituent Assembly. Later on some other Croatian and Slovene political parties followed Mr. Radich's example and abstained from voting. The constitution was, therefore, adopted without a qualified majority, just with a simple majority and with the help of a few Turkish members from Macedonia, and against an overwhelming majority of the Croatian and Slovenian deputies. But in the constitution itself a provision was made that it could not be changed without a qualified majority of four-fifths. This constitution annulled all provincial autonomies. Even Dr. A. Trumbich, the maker of the Corfu Pact, the first Minister of Foreign Affairs and one of the signatories of the peace treaty, voted against such a constitution.

The second elections took place on March 18, 1923. Although the new census, taken in 1921, had been officially published these elections were also carried out in accordance with the pre-war census of 1910. The Croatians and Slovenes assert that this was done in order to have a smaller representation of their groups in Parliament; according to the new census there would have been 145 Serbian members in Parliament and not 166 as at present.

In 1923, 24.7 per cent of all the male inhabitants had the right to vote (women may not vote) and 2,177,000 electors voted. According to those figures there should be one member to 9,464 electors. But in practice the proportion is not the same in all the parts of the country. In Montenegro there is one member of Parliament to 6,969 electors, in Southern Serbia one to 8,360, in North Serbia one to 8,890, but in Dalmatia there are 10,885 electors to each member and in Croatia there are 10,580 electors to one member. Prizren, on the Albanian border, where the electors are mostly Albanians, has one member to 6,566 electors, while the greatest cultural center of the country, Zagreb, capital of Croatia, has one member to 13,658 electors.

In 1923, 34 political parties presented candidates, but members were sent to Parliament from 15 parties only. They were as follows:

	Members Elected	Votes	Per Cent of Total
Serbian Radicals (Pachich)	107	562,213	25.82
Croatian Peasants (Radich)	70	473,732	21.76
Democrats (Davidovich)	50	400,342	18.39
Slovene Catholics (Korosec)	21	126,378	5.81
Bosnian Mohammedans (Spaho)	18	117,228	5.16
Macedonian Mohammedans	13	71,493	3.28
Agrarians (Lazich)	9	153,379	7.05

Much is being said about the Communist danger, but it is interesting to note that while in 1920 the Social Democrats received 46,192 votes with 10 members of Parliament and the Communists had 198,736 votes with 58 members, in 1923 the Social Democrats received 40,337 votes with 3 members and the Communists received only 21,331 votes without a single member of Parliament. By nationality and race there were elected in 1923, 166 Serbs (including Macedonian), 121 Croats and Slovenes, 9 Germans, 12 Albanians, 3 Turks, and 1 Rumanian.

After the elections one-fourth of the Democrats under Mr. Pribichevich went over to the Radicals under Pachich so that Mr. Pachich disposed of 120 members representing 30.5 per cent of the total electorate. At the same time an understanding was reached between the Davidovich Democrats, the Slovene Catholic Peoples Party, and the Bosnian Mohammedan Party. These last three parties formed an opposition bloc with their 76 members representing 26.72 per cent of the total electorate. Later the opposition was strengthened by 70 members of the Croatian Peasant Party (Radich party) representing 473,733 electors and with almost all other smaller political parties in Parliament. In this way the Opposition had 170 members representing 61 per cent of the total electorate as against 120 followers of Pachich representing 30.5 per cent of the total electorate.

Comparing the elections of 1920 with those of 1923 we get the following result in percentages:

	Pachich	Radich	Davidovich	Korosec	Spaho
1920	21.7	11.9	21.9	6.4	5.7
1923	34.6	22.4	16.4	7.7	5.8

The Peasant Party of Mr. Radich increased, therefore, by 100 per cent and his electoral lists obtained the greatest percentage of votes in many districts. In three electoral districts of Croatia he obtained as much as 88 to 90 per cent of the total votes.

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Following are the numbers of votes cast for the various leaders personally:

Korosec	105,162	Opposition
Radich	68,740	
Spaho	59,207	
Pachich	59,006	Government parties
Pribichevich	34,431	

The party of Stefan Radich boycotted the Parliament up till May, 1924. In May it came to Parliament as a result of agreement with Mr. Davidovich, the leader of the parliamentary opposition, and this action immediately brought the Government into a minority and produced a political crisis. Pachich, however, immediately suspended Parliament until October so as to escape formal defeat. In spite of this the King was obliged to intrust the formation of the Government to Davidovich, who obtained a vote of confidence in Parliament as soon as it was assembled in extraordinary session.

Davidovich, as Prime Minister, prepared a mass of incriminating documents against several corrupt cabinet ministers in Pachich's government and presented to Parliament, with the consent of the King, a formal accusation against them. But just before Parliament assembled he was forced by the King to resign with his whole cabinet.

The King again called upon Pachich to form a government. The new Premier dissolved Parliament, setting February 8 as the date of a new general election.

At the beginning of 1925 the Government accused the Croatian Peasant Party (Radich) of an alleged connection with the Soviets, of becoming communist and turning against the state. The party was dissolved and all its leaders, including Radich, were arrested. The Government prohibited the party from taking part in the general elections on February 8. The opposition protested against such an act and Dr. A. Trumbich, former Minister for Foreign Affairs and one of the founders of the new Jugoslav state, proclaimed himself a republican and became the legal adviser of Radich.

The court at Zagreb rejected all the accusations of the Government with the comment that the Croatian Peasant Party was not communist, not revolutionary at all, and not against the state, that it was a democratic pacifist party fully entitled to participate in the elections. The courts took note of the Radich lists of candidates and ordered that all the leaders should be set free. The Government appealed to the higher courts, and ordered the police to rearrest the peasant leaders. The Supreme Court rejected the Government's case and proclaimed valid the decisions of the lower courts.

The Government replied by doing away with all the legally appointed election agents and appointed its own party agents in their place, declaring it would prevent the Croatian Party at any cost from taking part in the elections.

Policy of the Croatian Peasant Party

THE platform of the Croatian Peasant Party adopted on May 26, 1921, disapproves of all violence and revolutionary methods. A proclamation to voters issued by the headquarters of the Croatian Peasant Party reads in part as follows:

The mutual relations between the Croats and the Serbs can be regulated only by agreement and never by force. We are constitutional republicans. Our humanism disapproves revolutions, assassinations, and any other form of violence—not because of fear but because of a love for peace, without which a small nation cannot exist. Our constitutionality protects the sovereignty of the people, represented by the majority of its deputies. As peasants we uphold the rights of peasants and working men. We therefore want and insist on a peasant state, peasant administration and government. This means the administration and government by the peasant spirit, peasant love for peace, peasant industry, and peasant honesty. We do not

Ready February 25th

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want any violent means, though we do not fear them. All the old empires have disappeared, and all the old monarchies are disappearing before our eyes at present. If the will of the people be respected we shall have no revolutions. The working men led by organized peasants, together with the help of the honest town people and just intelligentsia, will realize their program by peaceful parliamentary methods, destroying corruption and tyranny and defeating those opposed to the sovereignty of the people and to the vital interests of the people. To carry into effect this great achievement we have already a majority in the Parliament acting as an opposition and this was accomplished although the elections were not free. Then at last will the Croatian national representatives, aided by the entire nation, abolish forever all corruption and tyranny as well as organize in peace and liberty the peasant state and will safeguard the rights of the peasants and working men.

The main organ of the Croatian Peasant Party, *Slobodni Dom*, contained a letter from the leader of the Croatian Peasant Party, Radich, dated Moscow, June 27, 1924, to the secretary in chief of the Peasant International, Alexander P. Smirnov, stating that the Croatian Peasant Party desired to join the Peasant International. In this letter Radich declared in part:

It is of course understood that the Croatian Peasant Party will abide even in the future by its platform and tactics. More so as both are in accord with the main aims of the Peasant International. These are that the peasants and working men should join forces and should above all make a permanent end of wars of conquest; and that they should gradually and jointly assume the control of the government to improve the living conditions of all working men and in order to reorganize the state in the spirit of social justice.

It is of course understood that the Croatian Peasant Party will always employ, as it has hitherto done, only peaceful methods in order to solve the internal questions in Jugoslavia and in order to defeat the present militaristic government, and it will only in the extreme case, should all its pacifism prove of no avail, resort to revolution. The Croatian Peasant Party does this, firmly convinced that for small nations, including the Croatian, this is the most appropriate method for the internal development of the state and the most successful method to fight for the government of all the working men.

Finally it is of course understood that the peasant and republican Croatia, developed by the political activities of the Croatian Peasant Party, will remain a part of Jugoslavia, in order to make of it a federated peasant republic, so that Jugoslavia may in its new form work for the Adriatic-Danubian Federation of all peasant nations from the Bohemian Mountains to the Adriatic Sea.

Contributors to This Issue

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO is a journalist and a teacher of literature who has made a special study, in *The Nation* and elsewhere, of contemporary fiction.

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